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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Collections from the Greek Anthology. By the late Rev. Robert Bland, and others. A new Edition; comprising the Fragments of early Lyric Poetry, with Specimens of all the Poets included in Meleager's Garland. By J. H. Merivale, Esq. F.S.A. 12mo. pp. 372. London, 1833. Longman; Murray.

The genius of a nation is never so well displayed as in those light, lyrical, and epigrammatic pieces which exciting events strike from the ardent minds of their authors. They are gems, which, though perhaps unpolished, are of far higher price than much of the dazzling qualities of more elaborate composition. A great poet, like Homer, is not so much the poet of his nation as of the whole world. Nature is every where the same; and though a less favoured climate may not display her in her richest garb, though the sun may set less brightly, and the stars of heaven shine with a diminished lustre, still the elements of poetry remain, and are universally intelligible. She has every where her worshippers; but in no country have they been more enthusiastically devout than in that land of sun and song, Greece. Their smaller votive offerings at the shrine of poetry and passion are now before us: their freshness and individuality, if we may so term it, give them a peculiar charm. It is in this point of view that, as presenting us with a nearer insight into the mode of feeling and into the very heart of the Grecian, and leaving out of the question their inherent excellence, we consider these venerable relics to be of inestimable value. Ages are at once annihilated. We are at home with the jolly Anacreon quaffing his Chian, and pledging all his favourite toasts and sentiments. Antiquity is no longer dressed in its formal guise; and while we, perhaps, part with a little of our reverence, our esteem and our cordiality are marvellously increased. All the sternness of philosophy vanishes, and we are pleased to find that those demi-gods were beings like ourselves.

The Greek Anthology is one of the most delightful of volumes. It is the great storehouse, the magazine of ideas, from which many of our older poets pilfered without mercy; whose pilferings have been reset and reproduced in altered guise by their most popular successors. It would be curious to run down to their source the thoughts which they have smuggled. Rich, indeed, must be that mine from which so many have collected stores, and which yet remains exhaustless. Were we to institute the inquiry too minutely, how many jackdaws should we discover strutting about in the borrowed plumage of the peacock! We must, nevertheless, admit that the same passions, the same associations, may awake in different minds, similar, if not perfectly identical, thoughts and expressions. We can, however, hardly allow that plea in the case of Ben Jonson's plagiarism in his well-known song, "Drink to me only;" the ideas of which are literally translated from the Greek. The truth

of our charge of piracy against the moderns will be made manifest by an inspection of the work now before us. It contains specimens, admirably translated, of most, if not all, the minor poets of Greece. We have an endless variety, Bacchanalian, amatory, military, patriotic, epigrammatic: the latter term is, by the way, by no means understood. The following passage from the preface will explain how much it has lapsed from its original signification and application:—

"It is necessary to mention the impropriety of combining in our minds with the word epigram, when applied to the poetry of the Greeks, any of the ideas which that term is apt to excite in the mind of a mere English reader. It is owing chiefly to this impropriety, that those beautiful remains of antiquity are so little known to us, and that so few have been familiarised through the medium of translation. They relate to subjects that will be interesting and affecting, as long as youth and gaiety delight, as wine, and music, and beauty captivate, or as the contrary ideas of old age and death, sickness, banishment, neglected love, or forsaken friendship, can melt in pleasing sorrow, or chasten into tender melancholy. The term epigram, which literally signifies an inscription, was first appropriated to those short sentences which were inscribed on offerings made in temples. It was afterwards transferred to the inscription on the temple-gate; thence to other edifices, to the statues of gods and heroes, and of men whether living or dead; and the term remained, whether the inscription was in verse or in prose; as was that very ancient one on the tomb of Cyrus: 'Ο ἀνθρώπου, ἐνὶ Κύρου, ὁ τὴν ἀρχὴν τοῖς Ἕλλησι πεποιμένος καὶ τῆς Ἀσίας βασιλεὺς: μὴ οὐκ ἐθελήσας τοῦ μνήματος. The brevity of these inscriptions, which rendered it so easy to impress on the memory any particular event, or any illustrious name, soon recommended them for other purposes. The lawgiver adopted them to convey a moral precept, and the lover to express a tender sentiment; and hence, in process of time, almost every little poem, which concisely presented one distinct idea, or pursued one general argument, acquired the title of epigram."

In illustration, we extract the following from the divine Plato: the first is translated by Moore, who has well transfused its tenderness:

"A Lover's Wish.
Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!
Then every star should be an eye
To wander o'er thy beauties here."

Could modern gallantry surpass the following?

"The Kiss.
Oh! on that kiss my soul,
As if in doubt to slay,
Linger'd awhile, on fluttering wing prepar'd
To soar away."

Or this from Meleager?

"To his Mistress sleeping.
Thou sleep'st, soft sliken flower! Would I were Sleep,
For ever on those lids my watch to keep!
So should I have thee all mine own—nor he
Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes my rival be."

These specimens will shew how different was

the ancient from the modern epigram. We must say, that we regret, however much we like the pun or point of later times, (for the sake of variety,) that the ancient form has not been preserved. Thoughts, however, are so scarce with us degenerate moderns, that if we have the good fortune to light upon one, we are not content with embodying it as the Greeks would have done, in the shortest possible space; on the contrary, we must torture and twist, and dilute it into as many lines as our poverty may admit. This is a lamentable fact, but it is a truth; witness the enormous quantity of trash libelling the name of poetry, which our prolific press is continually pouring forth.

It is delightful to turn to the vigour of the ancient Sappho; what associations are awakened by that name! When we peruse the splendid fragments, few and imperfect as they are, of that poetess, we are oppressed with a mixed feeling of melancholy and admiration. We consider the following as a very successful translation of her celebrated Hymn to Venus:—

"Immortal Venus, throng'd above
In radiant beauty! child of Jove!
O skill'd in every art of love,
And artful snare!
Dread power, to whom I bend the knee!
Release my soul and set it free
From bonds of piercing agony,
And gloomy care!
Yet come thyself! if e'er, benign,
Thy list'ning ear thou didst incline
To my rude lay, the starchy shine
Of Jove's court leaving,
In chariot yok'd with coursers fair,
Thine own immortal birds, that bear
Thee swift to earth, the middle air
With bright wings cleaving,
Soon they were sped—and thou, most blest,
In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,
Didst ask what griefs my mind oppress'd—
What meant my song—
What end my phrenzied thoughts pursue—
For what loved youth I spread anew
My amorous nets—' Who, Sappho, who
Hath done thee wrong?
What though he fly, he'll soon return—
Still press thy gifts, though now he spurn;
Heed not his coldness—soon he'll burn,
E'en though thou chide.
And said'st thou thus, dread goddess?—O
Come then once more to ease my woe!
Grant all!—and thy great self bestow,
My shield and guide!"

Who is not inspired by Callistratus, in his song of Harmodius?

"I'll wreath my sword in myrtle-bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots, burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.
Harmodius, hail! though 'reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death:
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.
I'll wreath my sword in myrtle-bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Minerva's adverse fane
He knelt, and never rose again.
While Freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good;
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality."

Or by the following epitaph of Simonides?

"On those who fell at Thermopylae.
In dark Thermopylae they lie;
Oh death of glory, there to die!

Their tomb an altar is, their name
A mighty heritage of fame:
Their dirge is triumph—cankering rust,
And Time that turneth all to dust,
That tomb shall never waste nor hide,—
The tomb of warriors true and tried.
The full-voiced praise of Greece around
Lies buried in that sacred mound:
Where Sparta's king, Leonidas,
In death eternal glory has."

Or this epigram on the same?

"Greatly to die—if this be glory's height—
For the fair meed we own our fortune kind,
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to night,
And left a never-dying name behind."

Or this still more celebrated one?

"Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful hand
Here lies in death, remembering her command."

We might continue our extracts *ad infinitum*. In so vast a collection of beauties selection is difficult. Our classical readers will not require to have the work recommended to them—the name is sufficient: others may rely upon our assertion, that an inexhaustible store of delight awaits them on the perusal.

We cannot conclude our present notice without alluding, with feelings of the deepest respect and sympathy, to the noble motives which have actuated the editor, Mr. Merivale, in the present publication. We trust that the event may justify, in the amplest manner, the expectations which he entertains. We shall, we are sure, gratify our readers by extracting the following note, touching a man we loved:—

"The Rev. Robert Bland, who was also author of 'Edwy and Elgiva' and 'Sir Everard,' and of 'The Four Slaves of Cythera,' besides other poetical works, died, curate of Kenilworth, in 1825, when little more than forty years old, leaving a widow and several children to mourn his irreparable loss—a circumstance which I may be allowed to mention, as affording a motive to the present publication, in the hope of its proving a source of profit, however inconsiderable, intended to be applied exclusively in aid of the eldest son on his approaching removal to college from the Charter House. That, among other attainments of a more solid nature, my young friend inherits at least a portion of his father's talents in the art of versification, will, I trust, be made evident from a few pieces in the last division of the present volume, to which the signature R. B. is attached."

This latter hope of Mr. Merivale's is, we are of opinion, amply justified. The translations to which he alludes are characterised by those two great virtues, freedom and fidelity; virtues which, indeed, so few possess, and which, from their so seldom appearing conjoined, would appear to have a natural antipathy for each other. As the pieces are only three in number, we shall not scruple to insert them all, wishing, at the same time, that they had been more.

"The Certainty of Death."

Consigned to dust, which whilom gave me birth,
I care not what convulsions shake the earth.

Epitaph.

My lot was meagre fare, disease, and shame,
At length I died—you all must do the same.

Epitaph on an Infant.

Too soon, grim Monarch, with unholy hand
You snatch'd this infant to your dreary land;
Like some fair rose-bud, pluck'd from mortal sight
Ere all its beauties open into light.
Cease, wretched parents! cease your wailings wild,
Nor mourn for ever your departed child!
Her youthful graces, and her form so fair,
Deserved a dwelling in the realms of air.
As Hylas once—believe the soothing lay!
The Nymphs—not Death—have borne your child away."

From these specimens we think we may safely surmise, that if Mr. Bland, junior, should decide upon cultivating his poetical talents, he will attain no small degree of excellence. We say poetical talents, because no one but a poet

can translate poetry. This is a truism, and how often do we see it proved? We can pass no greater compliment on the present work; which, however, may be considered as having already passed the ordeal of criticism, than say, that the versions are *English*—the highest encomium a translation into our language can or ought to deserve.

Were we to express a wish, it would be, that the Greek Anthology might give an impulse to modern poetry. Although we are far from desiring our aspiring geniuses to fall into frigid mannerism, by too servile an imitation of the ancients, we feel assured that a judicious study of the terseness and expression which is so manifest in them, could not fail to check that tendency to prettiness and conceits, the blot and bane of the present race of versifiers. At the same time, it must be admitted, that in this old age of the world we labour under the disadvantage of being scarcely able to say or think any thing in which there are not a hundred chances to one that we have been forestalled. The ancients were the reapers; we are but the gleaners, and must remain content with that which they have spared us from their riches. "They are," says the preface to this volume, "the men of old," as Rousseau has it, "living in modern times." But their sentiments are those of nature, of unyielding and unchanging nature; and the modern times to come, whose fashions shall have assumed a new, and possibly a contrary bent, shall be their advocates and admirers. "That which good taste has once approved," says the same author, "is ever good. If it is seldom fashionable, on the other hand it is never absurd; and it derives from the congruity of things sure and unalterable rules, which remain when the fashions themselves are no more." True taste, it may be added, refuses all accommodation with fashion, every attempt at a composition or compromise; and sooner than yield in her pretensions, contents herself with obscurity, until the times themselves shall come round and bow to her jurisdiction. The author who aspires to after-ages, should take leave of the age in which he lives. To be drawn into the vortex of fashionable writing, is to pass that gate on which is inscribed,

"Voi che intrate, lasciate ogni speranza."

The charm of the French madrigal, like that of the Greek epigram, consists in the perfect adaptation of each word to the impression intended to be made, the exclusion of synonyms, the rare and happy epithet, the fine and delicate turn which embellishes a thought trivial and familiar; and, above all, in that virtue which modern English writers utterly explode—conciseness. The subjects, too, are rationally chosen. Here are no tender oglings of a tulip, no ecstasies at infantine remembrances, no prostrations before a butterfly, no melancholy strains on the neglected virtues of a robin redbreast. The themes also are not below the level of common understanding, and, in general, much good sense is couched beneath the happy trifle."

We would have modern writers, as well of prose as of poetry, to weigh this. Fame, however, is scarcely sought for now; and the reproach of the Roman poet is equally applicable to the present times as to his own:

"O cives! cives! pecunia prima; virtus post nummos."

The Dynasty of the Kajars; translated from the Original Persian Manuscript presented by his Majesty Faty Aly Shah to Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart. K.C. LL.D., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 456. London, 1833. Bohn.

In the year 1809 Sir Harford Jones Brydges,

at that time Sir Harford Jones, was sent as envoy extraordinary to the court of Persia, in order to counteract and overthrow the designs of the French in the East. At his departure from Persia, among many other marks of peculiar distinction and esteem conferred on him, as it appears from the present work, by the Persian monarch, a manuscript was presented to him, of which he has here given a translation to the public.

Every one acquainted with Persian history is aware that the custom of preserving state records of historical events is, in that country, of the most ancient date. They appear to have been constructed partly as poems and partly as documents, intended for the amusement of the monarch himself, and must not in any way be compared with the plain, unadorned statements of facts which form the materials of European history. As furnishing, however, a specimen of pure Oriental history, and exhibiting the cast and character which events assume in the eyes of Persians—a character very different from that in which Franks behold them, nothing can be more interesting to the mere observer of human nature, or more useful to the historical inquirer. We have not time at present to follow up the clue presented by a work like this for tracing the connexion between all the prominent features of Oriental manners and principles, or to point out the assistance which it supplies in estimating the value and correctness of that information which we already possess on the subject of ancient Persia.

"Whoever," says Sir Harford Brydges, "imagines that time produces the same change in the manners and customs of the East as in those of the inhabitants of Europe, cannot be acquainted either with its modern or ancient history."

And it may be assumed, without the slightest doubt, that the character of those ancient Persian records which are mentioned in the Book of Esther, and of the sources of historical information opened to the Greeks, was precisely the same with that of the history now before us. A French translation, by Sir W. Jones, of a Persian Life of Nadir Shah, evidently composed upon the same principles, is already known to the public. The present translation is of similar character, and acquires a value in that part which contains an account of events in which Sir Harford Brydges himself was a principal actor, and in which we therefore possess a certain test for estimating its character and veracity.

The reader must prepare himself for much which a European taste would reject, and much which is quite opposed to our notions of authentic history. But even this opposition to a common mind will frequently afford considerable amusement; and to a philosophical reader, with Herodotus and the Greek writers before him, and an eye capable of tracing the identity of character which pervades the whole course of Eastern history, we may safely enjoy the peculiarities of the Kajar biography.

The manuscript itself, compiled by order of the King of Persia, under his own eye, comprehends a brief account of the origin of the Kajar dynasty, of the transactions of his present majesty's uncle, Aga Mahommed Khan, who was murdered in his tent at Sheshah in 1797; and terminates at the period of Sir Harford's departure from Persia in 1811. The same work, amplified in many respects, and bringing down the annals through the diplomatic proceedings of Sir John Malcolm and Sir Gore Ouseley, was printed at Shiraz some

years ago, and is now in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society. It is the production of the court-chronicler, hyperbolic in the extreme; and, consequently, the regular course of events is not always to be distinctly traced through the clouds of allegory and metaphor by which the Oriental flatterer delights to embellish and embarrass his theme.

Sir Harford considers it the imperative duty of a translator neither to curtail nor to augment the text of the original which he undertakes to translate, and therefore, though the present version, he thinks, might be benefitted by the use of the pruning-knife, he has not felt himself at liberty to use it. He, however, candidly acknowledges that, on this account, he may, "perhaps, have reason to be very thankful if the reader does not throw the whole down in disgust." It is certainly now too late in the day to offer specimens of Persian style and extravagance in composition; and upon this presumption, the facts, divested of the bombast in which they are obscured and rendered almost unintelligible, might, but for the considerations we have alluded to, have been enough.

In the geographical notice of the kingdom of Persia, Sir Harford makes the following remarks:

"When destruction was first poured on the primitive inhabitants of this globe, and only Noah and his family were especially protected and saved from the general wreck, the same Divine authority that relates to us the dreadful calamity, acquaints us also, that, as the waters subsided, the ark rested on the top of Mount Ararat. In disembarking, therefore, the first place our second progenitors must have visited was necessarily the Plain of Erivan, which spreads itself at the foot of that mountain; and I presume those who have visited this beautiful and luxuriant plain, viewing it even under all the disadvantages of an imperfect government, will allow that few places on the surface of the earth, both as to climate and production, could have been better chosen for refreshing, supporting, and gratifying the immediate wants of such a motley assemblage of storm-beaten mariners. The vine, the peach, the fig, the apricot, the melon, the water-melon, the apple, the pear, the mulberry, corn of all sorts, and the most nutritious grains, are found there now, and were not improbably permitted to start up there when the waters withdrew. I admit the Sacred Writings do not tell us what length of sojourn Noah made in this delightful plain, nor do they declare to us that he ever left it. The 9th chapter of Genesis contains the account of Noah's debarkation from the ark; and the 20th verse of that chapter has the following remarkable words, which seem to represent the patriarch as being desirous of taking up his abode where (if I may use the expression) he first landed: — 'And Noah began to be an husbandman; and he planted a vineyard.'"

The spirit of the original Persian may be seen in the subjoined account of the erection of the Kajar palace.

"The world-adorning taste of the king caused him to direct that a spot of ground, replete with attractions, and situated about half a league from Teheran, should be laid out in a garden like the celestial Paradise, filled with all sorts of trees and odoriferous plants; and that on the summit of a hill, resembling a mound of pure amber, which commanded that garden, there should be constructed a heart-attracting residence. A decree, therefore, resistless as destiny, went forth, that the architects and gardeners should combine to display all their talents on this favoured spot. At that hour, which some-

times happens to Fortune's favourites, there was formed a garden of such beauty, that the splendour of its roses excited envy in the bosom of the roses of Paradise, and the meandering of its limpid waters outshone those of the Fountain of Life. Some parts of its surface being unequal, the hollows were filled up with sifted earth; and in others the hillocks removed, so as to form a continued and perfect level. Fruit-producing trees of every sort and country, odoriferous shrubs, vernal and autumnal flowers, were planted in every part of it. It was crowned by a delightful structure; and a Paradise-like abode, ornamented with firm bastions, strong curtains, and parapets. In front stood a lake; in the midst of which boiled up a fountain, like the Fountain of the Sun, spouting forth waters more lucid than the celestial mirror. At this auspicious moment, a firman was also issued to repair and gild the pure dome of the King of Martyrs; the explanation of which is as follows. Through ignorance, and the hurry of those who were charged by the late monarch to embellish the celestial dome covering the remains of the Lord of Martyrs at Kerbela, and from their not having accurately calculated the strength of the foundation, the dome gave way, rent asunder, and its gold-coloured bricks began to assume a lunar appearance: but in this same year, a faithful superintendent was appointed to remove the heaven-resembling dome; and to build another, of such solidity, that it should receive no injury in the revolutions of months and years; and that gold of so perfect standard should be used, as to remain untarnished in the vicissitudes of days and nights. Praise be to the Almighty, that, through the architectural wisdom of the orthodox sovereign, this pure vault became more solid than the empyreal vaults of the sky, and was covered with golden bricks more resplendent than the glorious sun! Thus the inhabitants of the whole earth are continually employed in uttering, with responsive Amens, the just praises of the incomparable sovereign.

"God is the only source of prosperity and assistance."

And we have here an amusing description of England.

"A summary account of the kingdoms of Ingilterrah, called Ingreex; and the appointment of Captain John Malcolm to the embassy of Iran, by Marquis Lord Wellesley, governor of Hindustan, agreeably to the command of the King of Ingreex; and various other matters."

The kingdom of Ingilterrah (*i. e.* England) is composed of two great islands, and divided into three kingdoms: its length is 380 English miles, and its greatest breadth 300: it is completely surrounded by the sea. This country contains excellent pasturage and beautiful meadows: fine wool is also produced there. The water is abundant, and the mines are of various kinds. The inhabitants are robust; the horses delicately formed, and swift; game is very plentiful; and the quantity of wood and coals is immense. The people are opulent; it possesses excellent emporia for commerce, where the most costly stuffs and merchandise are met with, and become the objects of purchase and sale. They make, in great quantities, all sorts of watches, military arms, engines, penknives, silk and woollen cloths, of an excellent and beautiful workmanship. The English are high-minded and magnanimous; skilful, sagacious, and intelligent; and their noblemen, honoured and esteemed, are possessed of good faith and sincerity. Their power at sea exceeds that of all Europe. The capital of Ingilterrah is named London; a city of great extent, and delightfully built: that part which is called the city contains solid edifices, great inns (of court), academies, highly ornamented churches, and

beautiful school-houses. The royal palace of Ingilterrah is called Parliametu, which is the place of assembly for the counsellors of the realm. The river Tameez flows through the midst of the city: there are three bridges constructed over it. The kingdom is divided into fifty-two iyles, or counties. In short, when the sovereignty of this kingdom came to a lion-subduing woman, Lizabet (*i. e.* Elizabeth) by name, the people of Ingilterrah, during her days, greatly increased in power. This woman, who was exceedingly intelligent, politic, and subject-protecting, fought at sea against Filip Shah, king of Aspaniol (*i. e.* Spain); and though this Filip collected many ships, immense stores, and experienced soldiers, he suffered a great defeat, and the nation of Ingilterrah attained great power and might on the face of the ocean. In her days, the Compania, which is the title of those who superintend the affairs of Hindustan, was appointed * * * and the commencement of their power in Hindustan was as follows. The people of France, as well as of Ingilterrah, had taken possession of some forts and towns on the eastern shores of the Peninsula of India, and also obtained the supreme power in some islands adjacent to each other's possessions; and exercised, in those places, by their respective strength, uncontrollable authority and dominion. At a subsequent period, when disorder and confusion arose in the French government, several battles were fought between the French and English nations; and the latter, being possessed of greater force by sea in the regions and places under their jurisdiction, they expelled the French from the forts and towns along the coast of India, seized their various territories, and remained sole and absolute masters in those countries. By degrees, they extended their dominion and authority; and, partly by war, and partly by treaty, imposed tribute on the sovereigns and rulers of the countries situated along the coasts of India; whilst other Indian princes, influenced by their own interests, formed alliances with them, so that their power and dignity reached the highest elevation. The western side of the Peninsula of India was governed by Tippoo Sultan, a powerful and mighty prince; and his kingdom, which was called Mysore, in beauty and organisation like the spring, was managed with perfect order and well-regulated splendour. The English people fought against him several times: at last, in the year of the Messiah 1802, Tippoo Shah was slain, and all the realms which had been under his government fell into the hands of the English troops, so that they obtained an increase of power and dignity beyond all limits. At the present date, the provinces belonging to the English in Hindustan are more numerous and extensive than the countries they possess in Aroopa (*i. e.* Europe), and the island of Irelandah (Ireland), which was under their sway before these events: therefore, we may truly say they have added kingdoms to their kingdom. Their Indian possessions are divided into three governments: the first, that of Calcutta or Bengal, extends along the course of the river Ganges; the second, that of Madras, along the Coromandel coast; the last is that of Bombay. The English state has not introduced any innovations into India, but remains occupied in the administration and regulation of affairs: the maintenance of all descriptions of troops, and the expenses of naval armaments for India, belonging to the Compania, which is settled in Ingilterrah. The Compania has entered into partnership, alliance, and friendship with the nation, * * * under their own responsibility. The supreme direction of affairs,

the movement of the troops, the internal regulation, administration, and arrangements, all depend on the king: the disbursements, changes, and all other matters connected with the country, rest with the Company, who also, in an eminent degree, derive great profits and advantages from the commerce of Hindustan. In short, after the death of Lizabet, James the First became king. At present, Jarge the Third possesses the sovereign power: he has reigned fifty years over this kingdom, and proceeded in the paths of equity and justice. From ancient times, until the present period, the bond of union and friendship has firmly subsisted between the states of Iran and Ingreez, and there has always been an uninterrupted succession of envoys and ambassadors. This year, therefore, Marquis Lord Wellesley, who had been lately appointed to the splendid rank of Vizir, and the office of governor-general, selected, by order of the King of Ingreez, as envoy to Iran, Captain Jan Malcolm Behadur. Marquis Wellesley's origin is from the kingdom Irelandah: he is one of the nobles of that country, and of ancient lineage. In the first instance, he was one of the counsellors of the English realm: on account of his skill in affairs, his integrity, innate talents, bravery, and unbounded liberality (which exceeds all description), sagacity, and penetration, he was nominated to the government of Hindustan; on which kingdom he conferred the greatest lustre, by his intelligence, experience, undaunted bravery, generosity, and energy: he possessed consummate policy and dauntless intrepidity, to so high a degree, that although, on his appointment to the Vizirship, there existed an obstinate war between the empires of Ingreez, Roos (i. e. Russia), and Fransah (France), and the states allied with these powers, yet, through Divine grace, joined to his eminent loyalty and sagacious foresight, not the smallest symptom of weakness appeared throughout the empire of Ingreez. Captain Jan Malcolm Behadur, on account of his innate abilities, experience, bravery, liberality, and prudence, was admitted to the intimate confidence of Marquis Lord Wellesley; and was at first sent by him, along with his brother Lord Wellington, to the Dekkan and Nagpore, where he fought and obtained the victory. He was afterwards detached, with Lake Behadur, into Hindustan, where he fought a severe battle with General Perron, originally a native of Fransah, but engaged in the service of the Marhattas. He defeated General Perron, and set at liberty one of the kings of Hindustan, a lineal descendant from Timur Gur Khan, who was a prisoner in the hands of the Marhattas. This action greatly increased the name and celebrity of Captain Malcolm, who was afterwards appointed envoy to Iran.

In a note at page 347, Sir Harford says: "One of the most striking things I saw in Persia, was the pictures representing the prince-viceroy's battles with the Russians. In these, all rules of perspective were set at defiance; and in one of them, which I saw, (I believe at Isfahan), *mirabile dictu!* there was represented a Russian soldier cleft in two by the sabre of a Persian horseman, and each half of his body standing separate from the other as if nothing had happened!"

Prefixed to the translation of the manuscript is a list of the Persian dynasties, down to the present time, which we are not sorry to find very short, as it assuredly is, and must be, very dry. Those who are interested in the subject will, of course, recur to the regular histories of Malcolm and other writers.

It is the latter part, however, of the preliminary matter, connected with the personal conduct of Sir Harford Brydges, to which we must invite the attention of every one who wishes to read an Arabian Night's Tale in the eighteenth century. There are certainly neither genii nor demons to be met with; but the whole account is so purely Oriental, and related with so much simplicity, animation, and feeling, that it constitutes by far the most interesting portion of the book.

"It seems fair," says the author, "that I should lay before my readers a short account of the means I have had of becoming acquainted with Persia and its inhabitants. As a stranger and an humble individual, I was long ago admitted in Persia to a considerable degree of intimacy with princes, ministers, men of the law, merchants, shopkeepers, and agriculturists. I then mixed in society in Persia, at different times, from the Zenith to the Nadir of it. I was present in Shiraz when the abominable treachery of Hajy Ibrahim to his benefactor and too confiding master and sovereign transferred the throne of Persia from the family of Zend to that of Kajar. I afterwards waited on the gallant and unfortunate Lulf Aly Khan, in his distress, by the desire of his fallen minister Mirza Muhammed Hurnain, whose guest I was at Shiraz; and the last time I visited Persia, I had the high honour to appear there as the first minister in modern times regularly accredited by the sovereign of this country to the sovereign of that. The space of time consumed in my acquaintance and intercourse with Persia and Persians was near thirty years, and it is now not far from twenty years since I left that country."

We have not space to add the observations which follow and precede; but they are worthy of a candid, high-minded, and warm-hearted man; and come with peculiar propriety from Sir Harford Brydges.

A second volume of notes and illustrations is promised in a short time. We can only hope that they will be written with the same spirit, the same graphic minuteness of personal detail, and the same tone of quiet humour, which prevail in the observations appended to the translation itself.

The Puritan's Grave. By the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter." &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley.

WE have often had occasion to remark the various talent of this clever writer; and the volumes now before us are in quite a different style from any of his previous works. *The Puritan's Grave* "is a history of persecution and of patience—suffering made divine through faith;" a practical illustration of the motto in the title-page, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." The following scene, teaching how "a Christian can die," will illustrate the spirit of this production.

"Days indeed are soon gone; they surprise us that they come so soon, and depart so quickly. But how wearily do they come, and how painfully do they depart, when the spirit is in suspense; when hope and fear have their conflict in the mind, each alternately and in rapid movement presenting its pictures to the imagination! Mary Faithful grew more and more feeble, she descended more rapidly as she approached the last steps which lead into the valley of the shadow of death. Recently days had done the work of months; and now hours were doing the work of days—for there was a change every hour. When the day dawned, it

was doubtful whether she should see its close; and when the shadows of evening fell upon them, they feared for her, that her eyes would not open on the light of another day. Why should they fear? Why should they dread the placid parting of a pure spirit from the feeble prison of an exhausted frame? How is it, that when a family is in affliction, and when hope itself grows dim among them, they should grieve to part with any of their number? Is it that sorrow grows more intense by solitude? Painful as it is to say, 'Farewell,' to a dying friend, it is yet more painful that the separation should have taken place without it. So exhausted was the sufferer, and so slender was the thread on which the remains of her life were suspended, that the family feared to be long away from her bedside, lest in the interval she should depart. And now, when the conflict was nearly over, and conflict it might be called with her who struggled not against death's approaches, and dreaded not its day of darkness, she said to those around her, faintly yet distinctly, 'Dear, dear friends—father—mother—sister—the dream of life is almost over, and now that it is vanishing, I feel it indeed to have been but a dream. I have a faint recollection of smiles and tears, of a passionate interest in life, of hopes and fears, of a sad revulsion of spirit, in which the heart seemed to break when we were taken from our own old home. But now that all is past, I look upon joy and sorrow as one; and I hope I speak it not presumptuously or profanely, when I say that the darkness and the light are both alike to me; for in the past I see a beautiful picture drawn by the eternal artist. Oh how beautiful and good has life been to me! I thought not of its blessings as they passed, I stood too near the work to see its beauty.—I beheld it unfinished, therefore I saw it imperfectly. It is now finished, and I see how good it is. It is past—it is gone as to its joys and sorrows and selfish feelings; but evanescent as have been its outward and visible forms, its spirit and its invisible substance are in my heart a spring of everlasting gratitude and praise.' She rested awhile, and there was no reply, for the hearts of those around her were too full to speak; but she knew by the gentle and alternate pressure of their hands on hers, that they heard and heeded what she said, and though her sight was growing dim, so that she could but imperfectly discern their countenances, she could just distinguish that their eyes were glittering with unshed tears. She resumed. 'Why should you weep? unless it be that tears are a holier and deeper manifestation of gratitude than smiles and placid looks. We are not forsaken, why should we be cast down? The world has forsaken us to shew that God has not. The world is a veil which hideth the Creator from his creatures. From our eyes that veil hath been withdrawn, and we see our Maker's goodness and his presence too.' Then Ferdinand Faithful found strength to speak, and he said, 'My dear child, it is indeed a joy to our hearts, to see you thus cheerfully resigned, yet even in our joy on your behalf we have sorrow on our own. I could have wished that you should have watched my departing breath, and have closed my weary eyes.' 'I leave behind me,' she replied, 'those who will perform that duty for you. In death I feel that it is not the dying who is to be pitied.' There was silence again, which none dared or wished to break. They looked at the patient and at one another, and almost suspended their own breathing, that they might listen to hers. Life parted so gradually and so quietly, that they who sat watching by, knew not that it was gone.

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The sufferer was at rest, and they who had loved her through life wept abundantly. The very injunction, 'Weep not for me,' is the surest prompter of human tears."

We must add the two ensuing passages:—
"Sad, indeed, is the sorrow which feels itself too deep for words, and which takes its nourishment from silent thought; but there is a trial keener yet than this, in which the afflicted one not only refuses the aid of words, but seeks refuge from the agony of thought in moody stillness, and mental abstraction."
To a serious mind, there is something deeply impressive in a dying request:—the desires of a living friend may be forgotten or neglected, and we may patiently bear, or dexterously disarm, his reproaches of our neglect; but when death has set its seal upon the countenance, precluding all changeableness of expression, or mutability of resolve, then the mind of the disobedient forms to itself a phantom of unceasing reproach, and the heart of the negligent hears a voice from the grave, a rebuke from the world of spirits, which he can neither silence nor propitiate."

We have received these volumes too late for more than this brief notice; and leaving the quotations to speak for their own serious beauty and piety, we shall only add, that the scene is laid in the time of the Second Charles.

Life and Works of Lord Byron. Vol. XVI.
London, Murray.

WE are now within view of the termination of this collection. One volume more will complete *Don Juan*; and wind up the whole concern with an index—we hope a good one—full, careful, and cleverly printed. This present tome gives us the fourth and tenth cantos of the *Don* inclusive; and these, as every one recollects, carry his worship through some of the most interesting parts of his career; and the editor has, as usual, condensed a world of curiously illustrative matter in his notes.

Canto 5, it appears, gave so much pain to Mad. Guiccioli, who had then just taken up her abode under the roof of the poet, that she remonstrated; and he consented to give up the *Don* altogether at her request. The following are extracts from his letters:—

"Feb. 16, 1821. The fifth is so far from being the last of *Don Juan*, that it is hardly the beginning. I mean to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as Anacharsis Cloots, in the French Revolution. To how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it; but this was my notion. I meant to have made him a Cavalier Servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werther-faced man' in Germany; so as to shew the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest: the Spanish tradition says hell; but it is probably only an allegory of the other state. You are now in possession of my notions on the subject.

"July 6, 1821. At the particular request of the Countess Guiccioli I have promised *not* to continue *Don Juan*. You will therefore look upon these three cantos as the last of the poem. She had read the two first in the French translation, and never ceased beseeching me to write no more of it. The reason of this is not at first obvious to a su-

perficial observer of foreign manners; but it arises from the wish of all women to exalt the sentiment of the passions, and to keep up the illusion which is their empire. Now, *Don Juan* strips off this illusion, and laughs at that and most other things. I never knew a woman who did *not* protect Rousseau, nor one who did not dislike De Grammont, Gil Blas, and all the comedy of the passions, when brought out naturally. But 'king's blood must keep word,' as Serjeant Bothwell says.

"Sept. 4, 1821. I read over the *Juans*, which are excellent. Your squad are quite wrong; and so you will find, by and by. I regret that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos, and different countries and climes. You say nothing of the note I enclosed to you, which will explain why I agreed to discontinue it."

The editor says:—

"In Madame Guiccioli's note here referred to, she had said, 'Remember, my Byron, the promise you have made me. Never shall I be able to tell you the satisfaction I feel from it; so great are the sentiments of pleasure and confidence with which the sacrifice you have made has inspired me.'"

A twelvemonth, however, was enough, it would seem, to lower not a little the romance of Mad. Guiccioli's notions; and, on her releasing Byron from his vow, in July 1822, he immediately poured out cantos 6, 7, and 8; in the two last of which is comprised perhaps the most successful delineation of modern warfare that has ever yet proceeded from the pen of any poet, at home or abroad. This extraordinary narrative of the siege of Ismail by Suwarrow, is now furnished with a body of annotation, which will interest, and perhaps astonish, most readers. "It will be seen," says the editor, "that, throughout this powerful picture, the poet has relied on a literal transcript of recorded facts, with precisely the same feelings which had produced the terrible verisimilitude of his shipwreck in canto 2; and it must please every one to know that those traits of graceful humanity, with which *Don Juan's* personal conduct is made to relieve the horrors of a Russian sack, are only a faithful copy of what was done, in the moment of victory at Ismail, by a real 'preux chevalier,' the Duke of Richelieu."

We shall be satisfied with one or two specimens of the poet's fidelity to the pages of Castelnau, the Prince de Ligne, and the Duke of Richelieu.

"Within the extent of this fortification

A borough is comprised along the height

Upon the left, which from its loftier station

Commands the city, and upon its site

A Greek had raised around this elevation

A quantity of palisades upright

So placed as to impede the fire of those

Who held the place, and to assist the foe's."

"On a compris dans ces fortifications un faubourg Moldave, situé à la gauche de la ville, sur une hauteur qui la domine: l'ouvrage a été terminé par un Grec. Pour donner une idée des talens de cet ingénieur; il suffira de dire qu'il fit placer les palissades perpendiculairement sur le parapet, de manière qu'elles favorisassent les assiégés, et arrêtaient le feu des assiégeants."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 202.

"The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men;

But when they saw the enemy retire,

Their Delhis man'd some boats, and sail'd again,

And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,

And tried to make a landing on the main;

But here the effect fell short of their desire:

Count Dames drove them back into the water

Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter."

"Les Turcs perdirent beaucoup de monde et plusieurs vaisseaux: à peine la retraite des

Russes fut-elle remarquée, que les plus braves d'entre les ennemis se jetèrent dans de petites barques et essayèrent une descente: le Comte de Damas les mit en fuite, et leur tua plusieurs officiers et grand nombre de soldats."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 204.

The incident belongs of truth to Richelieu personally, is thus given, and thus cleared up:—

"Upon a taken bastion, where there lay

Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet warm group

Of murder'd women, who had found their way

To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop

And shudder;—while, beautiful as May,

A female child of ten years tried to stoop

And hide her little palpitating breast

Amidst the bodies lull'd in bloody rest.

"Two villainous cossacks pursued the child,

With flashing eyes and weapons;" &c.

"Je sauvai la vie à une fille de dix ans, dont l'innocence et la candeur formaient un contraste bien frappant avec la rage de tout ce qui m'environnait. En arrivant sur le bastion où le combat cessa et où commença le carnage, j'aperçus un groupe de quatre femmes égorgées, entre lesquelles cet enfant, d'une figure charmante, cherchait un asile contre la fureur de deux Kozaks qui étaient sur le point de la massacrer," &c.—*Duc de Richelieu.*

We are happy to have one of Lord Byron's disgraceful sneers at the Duke of Wellington settled for ever—as follows:

"I don't think that you used Kinnaird well

In Marinet's affair—in fact 'twas shabby,

And, like some other things, won't do to tell

Upon your tomb in Westminster's old abbey."

"The late Lord Kinnaird was received in Paris, in 1814, with great civility by the Duke of Wellington and the royal family of France, but he had himself presented to Buonaparte during the hundred days, and intrigued on with those of that faction, in spite of the duke's remonstrances, until the re-restored government ordered him out of the French territory in 1816. In 1817, he became acquainted in Brussels with one Marinet, an adventurer mixed up in a conspiracy to assassinate the duke in the streets of Paris. This fellow at first promised to discover the man who actually shot at his grace, but, on reaching Paris, shuffled, and would say nothing; and Lord Kinnaird's avowed cause of complaint against the duke was, that he did not protect this creature from the French police, who, not doubting that he had been one of the conspirators against his grace's life, arrested him accordingly. He was tried along with the actual assassin, and both were acquitted by the Parisian jury."

Of these cantos we think the following scrap, from we know not whom, speaks exactly the opinion to which every cool judge must come at last:

"That there is a great deal of what is objectionable in these three cantos, who can deny? What can be more so than to attack the king, with low, vile, personal buffooneries—bottomed in utter falsehood, and expressed in crawling malice? What can be more exquisitely worthy of contempt than the savage imbecility of these eternal tirades against the Duke of Wellington? What more pitiable than the state of mind that can find any gratification in calling such a man as Southey nicknames that one would be ashamed of applying to a coal-heaver? What can be so abject as this eternal tramping upon the dust of Castlereagh? Lord Byron ought to know that all men, of all parties, unite in regarding all these things, but especially the first and the last, as insults to themselves, and as most miserable degradations of him. But still *Don Juan* is, without exception, the first of Lord Byron's works. It is by far the most

original in point of conception. It is decidedly original in point of tone. It contains the finest specimens of serious poetry he has ever written; and it contains the finest specimens of ludicrous poetry that our age has witnessed. Frere may have written the stanza earlier; he may have written it more carefully, more musically, if you will; but what is he to Byron? Where is the sweep, the pith, the soaring pinion, the lavish luxury of genius revelling in strength. No, no: Don Juan, say the canting world what it will, is destined to hold a permanent rank in the literature of our country. It will always be referred to as furnishing the most powerful picture of that vein of thought (no matter how false and bad) which distinguishes a great portion of the thinking people of our time."

The graphic illustrations of this volume are again from Turner, and equal to any of their predecessors: the subjects, "Cologne, from the Rhine;" and the "Slave Market at Constantinople, with Saint Sophia in the background."

We are well pleased with a rumour that this collective, annotated, and illustrated edition of Byron is to be followed up by one, in every respect similar, of the works of Crabbe, including a life of that excellent man and illustrious poet, drawn up by an intimate friend of high literary attainments, and interweaving copious extracts from the private letters and diaries of the deceased. One most extraordinary letter—that which Crabbe, young, poor, desolate, with hardly a roof over him, and actually without bread, addressed to Mr. Burke, along with the first of his publications, *The Village*, we have happened to see; and we have no hesitation in saying, that a more beautiful or affecting composition does not adorn the literature of this country. If the editor has many such to produce, his book will indeed be something to talk of. It must also be agreeable to every one to perceive that we are about to have the poetical works of Scott, printed, annotated, and illustrated, in this same beautiful and yet cheap style. Mr. Lockhart, with the letters and diaries of Sir Walter in his possession, and with his own recollections of his fireside talk, must have a great deal to say that will throw new light on these works, more especially, we should think, on the early ones, and above all on the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Sir Walter lived to be proprietor of the field of the last Border battle, that between the Scotts and Kerrs; and the great defeat of Montrose, at Philiphaugh, took place within three or four miles of Abbotsford. His conversation while riding about over such scenes must have been a rich harvest. But let us wait till volume I. makes its appearance.

LEONARD ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

THE length to which our Review of this small but very important volume led us in our last *Gazette*, made a division of our paper obligatory; but we offered such remarks as we went along, as to render farther observation the less necessary; and in resuming the subject, we have only to remind our readers that the author had come to a passage in which he describes the fatal tendency to increase, instead of diminish, the horrors of the slave-trade, by our humane and well-meant interference.

"War is, no doubt, fomented among the native tribes in the interior of Africa, on most occasions, for the purpose of dragging the vanquished into slavery; but it is also, if we may believe reports, sometimes entered upon for the mere thirst for combat—for the sake of plunder

or revenge; and in that case, unless there is some means of disposing of the captives, they are inhumanly butchered, either on the field, or soon after battle. By affording this means, the slave-traffic may have saved some thousands of lives at the expense of liberty. That this has been truly the state of the case occasionally, was ascertained by the officers of his majesty's ship *Primrose*, if the following account, brought to Sierra Leone by them, is to be believed; and I have not the slightest reason to doubt its accuracy, having made particular inquiry concerning it, although some sapiently sceptical individuals were pleased to question the truth of the statement, because it militated against their own preconceived notions regarding the slave-trade. During a short stay at Loango, about a year ago, the king of that place, Rey Meune Lumba, told them, 'that if the English would trade for slaves as formerly, he could load eight ships in one week, and give each four or five hundred; but that, having now no means of disposing of the greater part of his prisoners, he was obliged to kill them.' And shortly before the *Primrose* arrived, a great number of unfortunate wretches, who had been taken in a predatory incursion within the territories of a neighbouring tribe, in revenge of some imaginary insult, after having been made use of to carry loads of the plundered ivory, &c. from the place of capture to the coast, on their arrival there, as there was no market for them, and as the trouble and expense of their support would be considerable, were taken to the side of a hill, a little beyond the town, and coolly knocked on the head! Until Africa emerge from her present dark state of uncivilised barbarism—a period infinitely farther distant than can even be conjectured—it would really seem, on a first glance at these flagitious practices, that, instead of committing an inhuman act, the persons employed in the slave-trade—although how different their object!—actually confer a benefit on the persecuted natives, by removing them from a country where might is right, and murder is no crime. But there cannot be a doubt that the cupidity which the trade gives rise to, serves to augment these enormities, and, together with the imperfect laws enacted against it, adds, as has been already shewn, to the cruel treatment of the individual after he becomes a slave. Presupposing, therefore, that the statement of the *Primrose*'s officers is correct, and that many reports of a similar nature are founded in truth, it appears that the complete suppression of the slave-trade, although it will be the first step towards quieting the distracted state of the interior of Africa, will not, as many suppose, entirely tranquillise the country. In savage life there will be wars and murder, without the slave-trade as an exciting cause; and, besides, the suppression of the slave-trade on this part of the African continent, would go but a short way towards the complete abolition of African slavery. Thousands of human beings are annually carried from the interior of this desolated land to the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, Egypt, and the shores of the Mediterranean, concerning whom no interest seems to have been hitherto excited, and for whose amelioration no measures have ever been contemplated."

After recommending the cultivation of an enlightened intercourse with the interior of Africa, as the only true means of putting an end to slavery, and praising, as it well deserves in this light, the Liverpool expedition of R. Lander, Mr. Leonard acknowledges that

"All our exertions are a mere farce—a perfect mockery of emancipation. We liberate a

few of those embarked in Spanish vessels, while tens of thousands are embarked, and the vessels allowed insolently to pass us unmolested, under the infamous shelter of the French flag to the northward of the equator, and the Portuguese flag to the southward. Upwards of sixty thousand slaves, it is calculated, are annually exported from Africa. In 1826 we emancipated only two thousand five hundred and sixty-seven; in 1827, two thousand eight hundred and sixty-one; in 1828, three thousand nine hundred and twenty-four; and in 1829, five thousand three hundred and fifty were liberated, being a year of uncommon success, which arose from the great number of Brazilian vessels running prior to the operation of the convention of 1826, which made the trade under the Brazilian flag piracy. Since then, no vessel has appeared under that flag on the coast. In 1830 the number consequently again fell off; and in the present year little or nothing can be done. Almost every vessel laden with slaves is under the French flag; and the people on board, confident of being privileged, literally laugh at us as they pass, and often favour the escape of vessels under another flag liable to capture, by leading us a dance after them. * * * It is therefore evident, that all attempts at suppressing the slave-trade under the present system is a mere farce,—that all our expenditure for that purpose is fruitlessly—nay, in many instances, injuriously employed."

Here the shoe pinches again! and we ask ourselves if this be the result of all the waste of British blood and treasure, in a fruitless aim and a pestilential clime; whether we ought to persevere in our hopeless course, or try other, perhaps effectual, methods? With every kindly sympathy towards the unhappy negro, we cannot but lament the sacrifice of superior beings in a vain and useless effort to better his condition. As the legend in the writings, as well as on the coins and prints, so widely addressed to the public feeling, where the chained slave asks, "Am I not a man and a brother?" puts the case home to our bosoms; we still, in answering yes, must retain the impression, that, as yet, the applicants for our mercy and help are but little above the brute creation, and not to be weighed in comparison with the enlightened European. Of a slave-ship, Mr. L. tells us, "The small space in which these unfortunate beings are huddled together is almost incredible. The schooner is only one hundred and thirty tons burden, and the slave-deck only two feet two inches high, so that they can hardly even sit upright. The after part of the deck is occupied by the women and children, separated by a wooden partition from the other slaves. The horrors of this infernal apartment—the want of air—the suffocating heat—the filth—the stench may be easily imagined; although it is remarked that this ship is one of the cleanest that ever was brought to the colony. The men were bound together in twos, by irons rivetted round the ankles. On their arrival these chains were removed, and they appeared much gratified."

This condition they could not avoid; but what follows?

"The slaves were all landed from the *Primeira* to-day, and placed in the slave-yard. A large canoe was employed for this purpose, which, after several trips, brought the whole on shore in the course of two hours, taking in from fifty to eighty at a time, the men first, then the women, and lastly the children. These were singing on board the schooner, in anticipation of the boat's return, and continued their song all the way on shore, laughing and clap-

ping their hands. But the men and women, after they reached the yard, when the momentary gratification of setting foot on land once more had passed away, looked sullen and dissatisfied, but not dejected. It struck me that on landing they expected to be allowed to go wherever they pleased, and were consequently disappointed and angry when they found themselves still under control. It was impossible to gather from their looks whether any of them were keenly alive to the miseries of the situation from which they had just been released, or whether they were capable of appreciating the advantages of emancipation. I may mention, as an instance of their extreme mental debasement, that the women who were nursing usually had both breasts occupied, the one with their own offspring, the other suckling one of the numerous abominably filthy monkeys on board the schooner."

With this extract we conclude our notice of the important question developed in these pages. In other points the volume contains master of general curiosity, touching the places visited, the natives, the tricks of the trade, anecdotes, &c. &c. all of which will reward perusal.

The only addition we can make, relates to the Niger, still, as for many centuries, a geographical problem of infinite interest.

"It was," says the author, "mentioned by the Landers, on their recent arrival at Fernando Po, after emerging from the interior of Africa *via* the river Nun, and settling the long-disputed termination of the Niger, that they were of opinion the Nun communicated with the New Calabar river, and consequently with the Bonny, by means of a cross branch sufficiently large for canoe navigation. Hearing this statement repeated, I have taken some pains to make inquiries concerning so interesting a fact, and have ascertained—certainly not by personal observation, but upon what I conceive to be undeniable evidence—that all the streams which fall into the sea, from the Rio de Formosa to the Old Calabar inclusive, are united together by cross branches and intermediate streams, at no great distance from the sea; consequently, they may all, in a certain measure, be said to be mouths of the Niger. The sources from whence I have derived the information which led to this conclusion were the following: masters of merchant-ships, who have frequently visited the river, off the mouth of which we are at present anchored; naval officers who have been there, and to some of the other rivers included, in the performance of their duty; and the most intelligent of the native Africans. From the former I learn, that canoes frequently arrive at the river Bonny from Duke Ephraim, a chief of the Old Calabar, by some inland stream, without ever seeing the ocean—that the arrival of canoes at the same place, and by a similar means, from the river Nun, and other rivers between the Bonny and Cape Formosa, is also of frequent occurrence; and the native blacks assure me, that there is a great inland trade in slaves, ivory, palm oil, and British manufactures, carried on through the medium of these streams uniting the principal rivers. Corroborative of these statements is the extreme flatness of the country between Cape Formosa and the Old Calabar river, and the numerous streams which may be seen to intersect it in all directions, even by ships standing close to the shore."

Standard Novels, No. XXV. Emma. By the Author of "Sense and Sensibility." Bentley. *EMMA* is one of the very best of Miss Austen's

productions; interesting, amusing, and so neat. Who does not know a "Mrs. Elton?"—vulgar, patronising, as upstarts always are, and with a mean vanity, like the needle, ever pointing to that pole of the family, its one great, *i. e.* rich, connexion. Mr. Weston, with his gossiping, universal good-nature, is the copy of a thousand; and those who have not a Miss Bates among their acquaintance, are not like ourselves, who have at least a dozen. Another merit, too, of these delightful works, is one every hour increasing—they are becoming absolute historical pictures; but for these, the rising generation would have no idea of the animation of going down a country dance, or the delights of a tea-table. We shall conclude by entering a protest against the vignette, which is at once awkward and ludicrous. Mr. Knightley looks like a gentleman in our mind's eye, a great deal more than he does in the picture.

Library of Romance. Vol. IV. The Stolen Child. By J. Galt, author of "Lawrie Todd," &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE can only raise the hue and cry upon the *Stolen Child* this week;—in our next we shall go into the affair magisterially.

An Investigation of the Currents of the Atlantic Ocean, and of those which prevail between the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. By the late Major James Rennell, F.R.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 359. London, 1833. Rivingtons. Large Folio Charts of the same.

It is impossible for us to do any thing like justice to this very important work, for editing which the public are indebted to the filial piety of Lady Rodd, the daughter of the distinguished scholar, who so patiently and philosophically investigated the great questions involved in this exposition. We think it better, therefore, since we cannot discuss even its most striking features, to content ourselves with announcing it to our readers as a very extraordinary examination of the phenomena in question, of vast consequence to commerce and navigation, of great interest to science, and altogether a production which claims a foremost place in every good library.

The Port-Admiral; a Tale of the War. By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. 12mo. London, Cochrane and Co.

As only two of the volumes of this novel have issued from the press, and as it is impossible to form a correct opinion of a work of fiction, where so much depends upon the winding up, without seeing the whole, (though books of travels may be tolerably appreciated from parts,) we abstain from the review till next Saturday.

Waverley Novels. Vol. XLVI.; Robert of Paris. Edinburgh, 1833, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

THE illustrations are neat and appropriate, by Boxall and West. The letter-press requires no remark. Sir Walter's idea of this novel appears to have been taken from the *Alexiad* of Anna Comnena.

Scottish Pulpit, No. I.; Seven Sermons by Eminent Scottish Divines. No. II. Ten Sermons. &c. 8vo. pp. 96. Glasgow, W. R. M'Phun; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THESE are the monthly parts of a two-penny weekly publication, in double columns, and containing excellent sermons by sound and religious teachers. As Scotland is in reality a country where, though there may be a mixture of cant

and hypocrisy, there is also a good measure of veneration for the word of God and genuine principle, we cannot but look on the diffusion of such a work among all classes as being eminently beneficial; and we trust it succeeds accordingly.

Historical Tales of Illustrious British Children.

By Agnes Strickland, authoress of the "Rival Crosses," &c. Pp. 299. London, 1833. Hailes.

PLEASANT, moral, and instructive, this is a charming little volume for youth, and is well designed to impress interesting historical facts upon the memory. These tales happily illustrate national manners, as handed down to us by elder writers, of the time of Alfred, of the Conqueror, of Elizabeth, and of the Revolution. Miss Strickland has entitled herself to our thanks for the ingenious execution of her useful task.

The Christian's Manual; or the Bible its own Interpreter. &c. &c. Pp. 311. London, 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS useful volume is not a Concordance of the Bible, but an alphabetical classification, which, under every name or remarkable word, arranges the quotations from the Scriptures which refer to it. Nothing can be more pure in the intention, or more convenient in the form. A brief account of the several books and writers in the Old and New Testament, compiled from good authorities, adds much to the interest and value of the whole.

The Naturalist's Library. Ornithology, Vol. I.; Humming-Birds. By Sir W. Jardine, Bart. F.R.S.E., F.L.S., &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 147. Edinburgh, 1833, Lizars; Sterling and Kenney; London, Longman and Co.; Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.

WE could hardly have thought that any new monthly periodical would have obtained our hearty approbation so entirely as this volume, commencing a series of natural history. But the price is so low—the coloured plates, three dozen in number, so very elegant—and the descriptions so scientific and correct, that we cannot withhold from it our warmest praise. A memoir of Linnæus, with a portrait, precedes the history of humming-birds; of which interesting family thirty-four are described and figured in the most beautiful style, from drawings by Mr. Lizars. The whole is a perfect *bijou*, and as valuable as pretty.

Heeren's Manual of Ancient History, &c. 8vo. Oxford, 1833. Talboys.

WE rejoice so soon to see a second edition of this very valuable work, corrected and improved; not merely in phrase on the title-page, but in reality, and in some instances by the author himself. It shows that we have still some appetite amongst us for really sterling books.

The Cottage Muse. By T. Noel. 24mo. pp. 65. London, 1833. Hatchard and Son.

SOME virtuous precepts put into verse, and preaching contentment to the poor.

Sermons on Public Subjects and Solemn Occasions, with especial reference to the Signs of the Times. By F. Skurray, B.D. Vol. II. 8vo. London, 1833. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE worthy rector dedicates this volume, with a suitable eulogium upon his Christian liberality and attainments, to the Marquess of Bath.

In his preaching Mr. Skurray is warm and zealous for the objects embraced by these discourses; and he seems to be deeply imbued with a love of the divine Scriptures, which he quotes abundantly.

Aaron Arrowsmith's Grammar of Modern Geography, &c. 12mo. pp. 461.

A Praxis on the same. Pp. 60. S. Arrowsmith.

FOR tuition and instruction, no works of the kind can be superior to these two well-executed and cheap productions. Much is therein done in small compass,—little, indeed, left for even more advanced geographical study.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

APRIL.

APRIL bears the same relation to summer as October bears to winter. In the former month life again creeps upon the sight, the sun throws back his stormy folds, the tender bloom sprouts into existence, the landscape is studded with coloured verdure, and the forest rustles with new and bright-sparkling leaves; while in the latter, decay assumes its palpable features, the trees strip in the coldly rustling blast, the ground cools in the heavy dews, and winter strangely mingles its bleak mournful chilliness with the falling melodies of autumn.

In the south of France, Italy, and Greece, April is, we may say invariably, a beautiful and exquisitely pleasing month: but in our climate, so influenced by the gathered vapours of the surrounding ocean, it is fickle, and frequently barren and dull: strong wintry storms, with pinching frosts, often oppress and retard vegetation, saddening the gracefulness of the struggling life around, and subduing the young blade as it issues from the mellow earth. The present spring has given many indications of such a character; and the fields and groves, though March is waxing to its latest day, are yet shorn and gloomy with their winter leaflessness.

In April there is something extremely delightful through all its characteristic change from flattering sunshine to nourishing showers. Every cool rill and woodland walk is fringed with the first-fruits of the year, tinged with colour and softening into bloom the rugged solemnity of the dark landscape, which has scarcely revived from the effects of the brushing rigid winds of January, and the deluge of the chill rains of February. A walk on a still sunny morning in this month is attended with many pleasurable sensations to those who find an interest in the features of scenery;—to stand on some eminence, and mark the floating sunlight race over the landscape, leaving long masses of gloom, that presently break into striking vividness, and then again darken,—to catch the fragrance of some secret bed of violets as it hurries past, borne on the sudden sweeping gale; and to mark the universal exertions of the feathered creations, fresh from their distant winter-homes, as they skim the fields and lanes in search of materials to build their nests. The dark massive outline of the wood has assumed a less melancholy tint. The swallow and the swift dart on the still waters for a moment, as they wheel about in circles; while the lark, springing from the dewy meadow, towers away into the sky, throwing forth streams of melody as he flies, till the air is alive with song. The blackthorn bush is heavy with snowy blossom; and the wood primrose invites, with its pleasing perfume, a passing glance.

"Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of oak and ash, that strew
The every lawn, and wood, and spinney through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green."

John Clare.

As the month closes, all creation seems again to have renewed its summer life and loveliness. The migratory birds have returned; the insects are again bursting into beauty and sunshine; reptiles quit their wintry cells; the stream is again ruffled with the frequent plash of its glossy fish, inviting the angler to its retirements; the trees of the orchard and garden are weighed with the bloom of the peach, the apple, the apricot, &c.; the hawthorn hedge is knotted in clusters, ready to burst into rich and plenteous blossom; while the lanes and woods are adorned with the anemone, crow-foot, pilewort, cuckoo-flower, &c., embalming the landscape with beauty and verdure, and the gay promise of a plentiful autumn.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

THE readers of the *Literary Gazette* are aware of the anxiety and interest we have always taken in the scientific expeditions which have occurred since that journal commenced in 1817; and the early and correct accounts of their progress it has been our good fortune to obtain and publish. It may readily be believed, therefore, that we are not unconcerned spectators of the important operations now going forward in North America and Africa; and if we abstain in the latter instance from printing statements in our pages, they may rest assured it is either from there being nothing worthy of communication, or nothing which could be communicated without injury to the parties embarked on this great undertaking. Mr. Lander, we know, is bound in honour not to send public intelligence except to the owners of the vessels employed; and we are sure his private letters to his family and friends will convey nothing but news of his personal situation. We see by a newspaper paragraph, that Mr. Brockedon (whose own continental travels, illustrated by his admirable pencil, have raised him so highly in esteem both as a writer and an artist) has heard from his friend; and, no doubt, a letter of the latter description, previous to his entering upon the river, the scene of his interesting exertions. What appeared in our last number is nearly all that has transpired from the receipt of letters at Liverpool. The securing of the services of old Pascoe (there mentioned) and Jowdie, and two other natives, who were his attendants in the former voyage, is of much consequence. A native of Rabba is also considered a very useful acquisition; independently of the son of the King of Eboe, whom he obtained from the governor, and a boy of the same country supplied by Mr. Pratt York. These were captives, and, as noticed, read and speak English well.

The expedition was expected to enter the Niger in six or seven days, and to return to England (God send all well!) in nine months; so that by July we may look for the results of this remarkable attempt.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Drainage of London.

MR. DONALDSON on Mr. Martin's plan for draining the metropolis.—Mr. Martin proposes that a receptacle be formed at Bayswater, on the north side of the Uxbridge road, for the purpose of receiving the drainage of Kilburn, part of Paddington, Bayswater, &c., leaving the water of the Serpentine, which now acts as

an open common sewer to those parts, in a pure state. King's Scholars' Pond sewer, which receives the sewage of the major part of London west of Regent-street, could be turned into the Ranelagh sewer, and the two would then empty themselves into one receptacle near the bank, instead of into the river as at present; but as this last must necessarily be larger, and consequently more expensive, besides the additional cost of forming a connexion between the two sewers, it would be preferable to make a receptacle above Vauxhall Bridge, on purpose to receive King's Scholars' Pond sewer. The foregoing is only for the western extremity of London; for the body of the city Mr. Martin proposes that a grand sewer be formed, to commence about the bottom of College Street, Westminster, running parallel with the bank of the river, and receiving all the minor drainage in its course, according to his plan published in 1828; and noticed at length in the *Literary Gazette*. This grand sewer should be constructed of iron, stone, &c., the base to be on the same level with the shore, and following the inclination of the river, about seven inches to the mile; the top to be sufficiently high to form quays not likely to be overflowed, as is now the case in unusually high tides. It should also gradually increase in width as it continued its course towards the Tower, where it should turn off, using the moat if permitted; but in the event of that not being allowed, passing round the moat, behind the London Dock, along Radcliffe Highway, Brook-street, and the intermediate streets, to the first convenient space near the Regent's Canal, where the grand receptacle should be made, from which the soil could be conveyed to barges, and transported by the canals to various parts of the country.

For the south side of the river a similar plan should be adopted—commencing near Vauxhall Bridge, passing along the bank of the river to about Pickle-herring Stairs, then branching off through Rotherhithe, to any convenient spot adjoining the Grand Surrey Canal, where the grand receptacle of the south side should be constructed on the same plan, and for the same purpose, as that at the Regent's Canal on the north.

Respecting the cost, the following estimate for a sewer constructed with iron caissons, the bottom paved with brick, and the top arched with sheet-iron, with sufficient wrought-iron ribs, considering its internal dimensions to be about, on an average, 20 feet wide and 20 feet high:—60,000*l.* per mile, including sewer, pier or quay, strong quay wall of cast-iron towards the river, &c. As the whole length of the line would be within 7½ miles, namely, 4 miles and about 200 yards on the left bank, and 3½ miles on the right, the cost of this grand work would be less than for one of our bridges.

After some remarks on the value of the manure arising from the sewers, he recommends, for their ventilation, that they should be open at one end, and that a fire be made at the opposite extremity, supplied with no air but that which would proceed from the drain. The fire of a brew-house, or furnace of any description, in the vicinity, would answer the end, and have the advantage of saving the expense of making one for the purpose. Thus, not only would the bad air be drawn from the drains, but by passing it through the fire it would become so purified as not to injure the external atmosphere.

British Salt-works.

At the next meeting, Mr. Carpinel read an interesting paper on the recent improvements

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in, and present state of, British salt-works. The lecturer first traced briefly the origin and progress of the salt-works of this country, and then described, by the aid of drawings and models, the great improvements and economy of the process as carried on at the Furnival works, which, according to his statement, prepare, or can prepare, two-fifths of the salt consumed in the country. He afterwards described the improvements made in the boiling process by Mr. Perkins, expressing his conviction that they would be found in practice as advantageous as they appear to be in theory.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SCIENTIFIC BUSINESS.—A number of specimens of mammalia, from California, were exhibited and characterised by Mr. Bennett; among them was a hare of extraordinary beauty, and perfectly new to science. Several birds from New Holland were also exhibited; among which was a new and beautiful falcon, allied to one of our own species. A new species of *Sepioida*, from the Mauritius, was also characterised; it is allied to the Mediterranean species, but is larger and has shorter arms. Dr. Grant favoured the meeting by demonstrating the heart of the *Testudo indica* (Indian tortoise), and entered fully into all the minutiae of the circulation and arrangements of the arteries. Mr. Cuming continued his exhibition of shells; the present were of the genus *Bulinus*, and were all new to science. The president sent a duck for exhibition, which Mr. Gould considered also to be new. After the meeting, Dr. Grant delivered a lecture on tortoises. He entered at large into their osteological peculiarity, as displayed in the skull, limbs, &c., and dwelt upon the nine distinct portions of which the breast-plate is always composed: though these differ much in size and shape, still they are always present. The solid structure of the bones of the limbs led to some observations on the composition of bone in general, and on the differences here displayed, and why this difference should be given. The professor also dwelt upon the proportion of animal and earthy matter these substances contain; and concluded by alluding to the habits of the different groups of these animals, and their provision for such habits.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

19th 20th 29th—the Sun enters Taurus.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
○ Full Moon in Virgo	4	2	40
☾ Last Quarter in Sagittarius ..	11	12	7
● New Moon in Aries	19	13	48
☾ First Quarter in Cancer	26	17	33

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Virgo	2	15	50
Jupiter in Pisces	18	11	41
Mercury in Pisces	19	2	9
Venus in Taurus	22	4	40
Mars in Gemini	24	19	18
Saturn in Virgo	29	21	0

Occultation. 22^d—three small stars in the Hyades (1, 2, and 3 δ Tauri) will be occulted by the Moon; the following are the times of the immersion and the emersion of each star:—

	Immersion.	Emersion.
	H. M.	H. M.
1 δ Tauri	5 44	6 49
2 δ Tauri	6 24	7 12
3 δ Tauri	7 28	7 47

5^d—Mercury stationary, near α Arietis.
15^d 16^d—in inferior conjunction with the Sun.
17^d—in conjunction with π Piscium, difference of latitude 11'. 22^d 8^h—descending node.
29^d—stationary.

2^d 18^h—Venus at her greatest north latitude.
5^d—this beautiful evening star will pass through the Pleiades. The following are the times of the conjunctions of Venus, with the principal stars in this miniature constellation:

	D.	H.	M.
g Pleiadum	5	2	
b ———	5	3	
e ———	5	6	
c ———	5	11	
d ———	5	16	

6^d 1^h—in conjunction with π Tauri. 25th day—stationary near ϕ Tauri.

20^d 21^h—Mars in conjunction with ϵ Geminorum. 28^d 7^h—with ι α Geminorum; difference of latitude 9'.

21^d—Vesta in conjunction with 1, 2 ϵ Sagittarii. 22^d—Juno in conjunction with 11 Serpentis. 8^d—Pallas in conjunction with 67 Ceti. 20^d—Ceres in conjunction with 50 Tauri.

1^d 4^h—Jupiter in conjunction with the Sun. The telescopic appearance of the ring of Saturn will this month be of a peculiarly interesting nature, gradually contracting from an extremely narrow ellipsis to an entire disappearance: the following exhibits the proportions of the major to the minor axis a few days previous to the ring being invisible:—

21st day.	Major axis	44.11
	Minor axis	0.10
23d.	Major axis	44.00
	Minor axis	0.07
25th.	Major axis	43.89
	Minor axis	0.04
27th.	Major axis	43.77
	Minor axis	0.01
28th.	Major axis	43.71
	Minor axis	0.00

consequently, it disappears on the 28th day, the earth passing from the illuminated to the dark side of the ring. (See Celestial Phenomena for Sept. 1832.)

Uranus is not in a favourable situation for observation.

Deftford.

J. T. BARKER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ciphering Apparatus. By John Tyrrell. London, 1833. Fraser.

We can hardly tell how, without a long descriptive process, we can make our readers acquainted with this very ingenious and clever invention. It consists of a small and neat box, within which is a sheet of a series of figures, which revolves upon two rollers. Over this, through a slide, are passed cards, perforated and marked so as to present almost every species and variety of ciphering and accounts, which being copied on slate are wrought by pupils in arithmetic; and there is a reference on the face of the card which points to a Key, of invariable accuracy in proving the results. The saving of labour to teachers by this apparatus is prodigious; and altogether it is one of the most useful and curious, though simple, contrivances, we have ever had occasion to recommend to public notice.

An Accurate Delineation of the Navigable Rivers, Canals, and Railways, of the greater part of England, shewing their Heights above low water-mark at Liverpool, from actual Survey. By George Bradshaw—(revised by T. Telford, Esq., F.R.S.)

Lengths and Levels, &c. 8vo. with Maps. A Reference to the same. 8vo.

WE confess our utter inability to convey to the public any adequate idea of the utility and extent of the *bona fide* labour to which we are indebted for this extraordinary practical production. Nine large maps are spread upon our library floor, and on them we can trace every particular of every (or almost every) canal, lock, branch, pier, quay, dock, gate, wharf, tunnel, and ferry,

in England;—and all from actual survey! To the man of science it is a library of its kind; and even to the common observer, combining as it does general topography and other information with the more immediate objects of its research, it is a work of far more than common attraction. As a most useful, correct, and valuable performance, it is sanctioned by the approbation of Messrs. Telford, James Walker, W. Cubitt, and J. Brunel; and our voice could add nothing to authorities so high. We shall only say, therefore, that we cannot estimate too highly the patient industry of Mr. Bradshaw, the striking results of his personal toil, and the excellent addition he has made for the better understanding of our economic, statistic, and commercial system.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

PROFESSOR CUMING in the chair.—A paper entitled experimental researches in magneto-electricity, by the Rev. Wm. Ritchie, F.R.S., was read. The learned author in this communication details a variety of experiments made with his delicate torsion galvanometer, and satisfactorily shews that the conclusions of M. Pouillet and others on this interesting branch of philosophy are erroneous. An electromagnet had been constructed by the author, at considerable pains, and some curious results are stated:—he finds that the worst English iron is best adapted for magneto-electric purposes, and *vice versa*; the most brilliant spark is obtained from the worst iron! After some remarks on the change of places by the poles, he concludes by expressing his opinion that magneto-electricity will never, like the compound voltaic battery, produce decomposition. A paper, containing additional particulars in reference to the volcanic island which appeared some time ago on the coast of Sicily, by Dr. Davy, was also read. Specimens of the air in the locality of the volcano were obtained by Captain Swinburne, R.N., who states that it rose a silver thread from the bottom of the deep; it contained nine or ten parts of oxygen, and (if we heard aright) seventy-nine of azote. Ten per cent of oxygen is a proof that the source of the air was not very deep. The meetings were then adjourned until after Easter.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

WEDNESDAY, March 20.—The Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells, V.P., in the chair.—Members admitted, and donations of books, &c. announced, and thanks ordered to the respective donors. Mr. Hamilton read a communication, addressed to him by Sir W. Gell, respecting the discovery of an ancient garden in the Tufa Cliffs, on the coast ten or twelve miles east of Naples. The surface of the garden is thirty-four feet from the level of the superincumbent town, and nearly an equal height above the sea. A portion of the trunk of a cypress-tree, seven feet in circumference, is still standing, the interior of which is in a perfectly sound state. It is supposed that this spot was entombed by the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum. An extract of a letter from the Chevalier Brönsted was likewise read, accompanying a copy of an interesting Greek inscription on a papyrus lately found in Egypt, containing a minute description of two run-a-way slaves, Herman surnamed Nilos, slave to Aristogenes, and Bion, slave to Callistrates; and offering rewards for their apprehension. The inscription was accompanied by a French translation by M.

Letronne, which was lately read before the French Institute. The secretary commenced the reading of a memoir on the periods of the erection of the Theban Temple of Ammon.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

LORD ABERDEEN in the chair.—Mr. T. Lister Parker exhibited drawings of Birkin church, Yorkshire, with a semicircular chancel, and a cornice of carved blocks or corbels, similar to Kilpeck, Herefordshire, lately noticed; also of ancient carvings in the churches of North Newbald and Conisburg, in Yorkshire, and a room in Wycotter Hall, Lancashire, of the time of Henry the Seventh. Mr. Repton communicated a reference and description of some drawings of Norman architecture, preserved in the Society's library. Mr. Haggard exhibited an impression of a seal, in gold, of Edmund, king of Sicily about 1255. Mr. Doubleday exhibited an impression from a seal in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Edinburgh, of Hugh de Cressingham, who was killed by the Scotch under Wallace, about 1297, and it is said they cut up his skin into saddle-girths and thongs. A letter was read from Mr. Gage, on the two deeds lately produced by Mr. Hudson Gurney, showing that the clergy were accustomed to marry in the time of Edward the First. Mr. Gurney was of opinion that the marriage of the clergy was not against the common law, although it might be forbidden by the canon. Mr. Gage, however, contended, that by the common law if a deacon married, the marriage was voidable; but that the marriage of a priest was absolutely void, and he was liable to deposition from his office; and quoted Coke, and several ecclesiastical authorities, to support his position. A paper was read from Mr. Kempe on the Roman remains discovered in Southwark. He observed, that at the attack and destruction of Roman London by Boadicea, great numbers of the Romans escaped into Southwark, and, remaining there, much increased its size and importance. The principal buildings appear to have been round the site of St. Saviour's church, and on that site there was probably a temple. Some coarse tessellated pavement was discovered in November last, with boars' teeth and other articles on it; and a rude pavement was lately discovered in digging a grave about ten feet deep in the churchyard, with a coin and two large brass rings. With reference to a fine model of St. Saviour's church on the table, Mr. Kempe described the admirable restorations of the choir and the Lady's Chapel, under the direction of Mr. Gwilt, and of several of the ancient monuments; and expressed an ardent hope that the nave would not be suffered to remain in its present ruinous and exposed state; but that, as the choir of York Minster had risen, phoenix-like, from its ashes, so public spirit would complete the restoration of this splendid monument of the skill and piety of our ancestors.

March 28th.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. The report of the auditors on the accounts of the treasurer for the year 1832 was read. Mr. Gage communicated a dissertation on the ancient ceremony of consecrating churches, which used to be conducted with great pomp and circumstance, and attended by kings and nobles, who marked the occasion by acts of extensive munificence, liberation of prisoners, &c. The writer concluded a long and interesting paper by a description of a pontifical Anglo-Saxon MS. preserved at Rouen, containing a ceremonial or form of consecration; and exhibited facsimiles of a page of the writing, and two of the

illuminations. He considered the age of the MS. to be the close of the tenth, or commencement of the eleventh century.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

[Sixth and concluding notice.]

No. 425. *London, taken from One Tree Hill, Greenwich Park; a Sketch painted on the spot.* T. C. Hodland.—When Mr. Hodland has once spread his canvass in the face of an interesting scene, we are sure that, as in the present instance, his skillful pencil will produce a clear, pure, day-light representation of its various localities. No. 428, *Carlisle, from the Wigton Road*, by the same artist, has a very brilliant and sunny effect.

No. 443. *Soliciting a Vote.* R. W. Buss.—In this performance, considered as a work of art, the talents of Mr. Buss are seen to greater advantage than in any of his former productions. The satire is pungent; and the extremes of servility on the one hand, and insolence on the other, (although not very creditable to human nature, and we hope, therefore, not so frequent as they are supposed to be), are admirably portrayed.

No. 444. *The Forester.* C. Hancock.—Certainly one of the most brilliant and powerful examples of effect, arising from colour and contrast, that we have yet seen from the pencil of the artist; nor is it less skillful in its various and characteristic details.

No. 462. *Garden at the Villa Real at Naples.* J. Partridge.—A wild and chaotic assemblage of all that is rich, brilliant, and deep, in colour and tone; powerfully executed, in a style correspondent to the grand and vivid character of the objects introduced into the splendid scene.

No. 450. *The Astrologer.* Miss Alabaster.—Rather too high for inspection, yet not so high as to conceal the rich display of variety, both in the principals and in the accessories. As for its skill of execution, we give the fair artist ample credit for it, from our recollection of her former works. We wish, however, that she had chosen a less hackneyed subject.

No. 384. *Buckfastleigh Bridge on the Dart.* F. Watts.—Full of truth and natural character.

No. 439. *H. M. S. Madagascar, off Gibraltar.* Lieut. Beechey, R.N.—The distinction which in other times our gallant naval officers obtained by the sword, they are now maintaining by the pen and the pencil. In the management of the latter, Lieut. Beechey shews hereditary skill.

No. 468. *Front View of Greenwich Hospital.* J. Holland.—A fine representation of this noble and interesting building.

No. 463. *Endymion.* John Wood.—Of the exalted and imaginative class of art this is a very beautiful specimen.

No. 509. *Interior of the British Gallery.* A. J. Woolmer.—The faithful imitation of the various pictures introduced, and the admirably deceptive character of the execution, combine to give interest to Mr. Woolmer's able performance.

No. 472. *The Winter of Life; No. 474. The Orphans.* T. Clater.—It is the province no less of art than of literature, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." The moral which Mr. Clater has here pointed is, that poverty in youth will probably lead to poverty in age; and he has adorned the tale with his usual skill.

No. 478. *The Examination of a Village School.* T. Harvey.—Very clever.

SCULPTURE.

Among the novelties in this department of the arts, No. 545, *A Monk*, J. G. Lough, is rendered conspicuous by the grandeur of its composition, and by its gloomy and ascetic character. No. 546, *Davie Gellatly with Ban and Boscar*, and No. 549, *Edie Ochiltree*, E. Cotterill—are skillfully executed and happy representations of their immortal prototypes. No. 543, *Love among the Roses*, C. Smith, we noticed some time ago as a model, and expressed our admiration of it. We trust that some lover of the fine arts and patron of native talent may give us an opportunity ere long of seeing in marble the beautiful model of *A Recumbent Figure*, by E. W. Baily, R.A.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Second notice.]

BEFORE entering into any detailed account of the paintings contained in this Gallery, we take leave to observe that the arrangement of them does great credit to the candour and liberality, as well as to the taste of the members of the Society, who have in most instances placed the productions of artists not members, either as centres, or at a very convenient distance from the eye. Such conduct deserves every commendation: we should like to see it pursued elsewhere.

No. 160. *The Arrival of Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey, on the 26th of November, 1530, two days before his death.* S. A. Hart.—We have been so accustomed to associate ideas of pomp and dignity with every thing relating to the haughty and ambitious Wolsey, that at the first view we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the abject expression which Mr. Hart has here given him. On a little reflection, however, we not only admit the truth of the representation, but applaud the fine moral lesson which it conveys. In colouring and effect, the picture may rank with some of the best productions of Rembrandt.

No. 13. *Landscape and Cattle.* T. S. Cooper.—At the opposite end of the room stands this perfect contrast to the last-mentioned work, in subject and execution, but no less distinguished by the talent which it displays, and by its faithful adherence to nature. In our general notice of the gallery we characterised it as worthy of the pencil of Paul Potter: a more deliberate inspection confirms us in our opinion.

No. 418. *Clifton, near Bristol.* —Pyne.—Another novelty in name and power. One of the most attractive spots in this country, presenting a combination of objects which in beauty and variety may vie with some of the fairest scenes in Italy, and invested by the artist with the highest qualities of art. This sunlit and fascinating performance, placed as it is, where it can be well seen and duly appreciated, must at once place Mr. Pyne very high in professional rank.

No. 361. *A Portsmouth Ferry-boat crossing to the Isle of Wight.* G. Chambers.—In this, as well as in a picture of his which attracted our notice in the present exhibition at the British Gallery, Mr. Chambers has shewn how much may be effected without those meretricious aids which are too frequently resorted to as substitutes for truth and nature.

No. 365. *Circe.* Mrs. James Robertson.—"All," says Blair, in one of his sermons, "have drunk of the cup of Circe;" and truly we are not much surprised at it, if the goblet be presented by so lovely a creature as this personification of the fair enchantress.

No. 124. *The Quiet Couple.* W. Derby—

A whimsical title, applied to a couple of dead fowls, in a picture of what is called still-life. They are painted with the truth, and almost with the minuteness of a Denner.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Don Quixote; The Grandmother. Painted by Bonington; engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Ackermann and Co.

Is point of expression, a pair of charming little prints. The effect has that error which we are so frequently called upon to notice. It is too violent; too black and white.

Grand Canal at Venice. Painted by R. P. Bonington; engraved by C. Lewis. Tilt. A BRILLIANT specimen of Bonington, beautifully engraved.

The Fisherman's Departure. Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by J. Phelps. F. Collins.

It is certainly very creditable to the good feelings of this country that representations of domestic happiness, especially among the labouring classes, are always popular. No one has contributed more frequently and more successfully to the gratification of this amiable taste than Mr. Collins; and we have already stated, in our notice of the Exhibition in which the original of this clever print appeared, that we considered it one of his best productions.

Miss Kelly. Ackermann and Co.

IMPRESSIONS are lying before us of the first No. of a work which is about to be published, under the immediate patronage of the Duke of Devonshire, comprising portraits of Miss Kelly, in the various characters she so cleverly assumes in her Dramatic Entertainment; drawn from nature and on stone by Mr. F. W. Wilkin. The plates we have seen represent with great fidelity her personifications of Mrs. Parthian and Lady Savage; in which characters, by the by—and it is a portion of their excellence—all trace disappears of Fanny Kelly, "Mic Kelly's niece."

Gallery of the Graces. No. IV. Tilt.

THE poets who have suggested the three graceful subjects before us are, Miss Landon, Professor Wilson, and Mr. Alfred Tennyson; the subjects are "the Young Olympia," "the Widow," and "the May-Queen;" the painters, Messrs. Parris and Boxall; the engravers, Messrs. Ryall and Robinson. The "Young Olympia" has afforded Mr. Parris (who, by the by, has, we understand, lately turned his attention to portrait-painting) an excellent opportunity of shewing the taste and elegance of his pencil; and the tenderness and transparency of his half-tints have been exquisitely rendered by Mr. Ryall. On "the Widow," by Mr. Boxall, we cannot gaze without involuntarily repeating the line in the fine old ballad of "All in the Downs:"

"Let me kiss off that falling tear."

"The May-Queen," also by Mr. Boxall, is a pretty little creature; but the left hand appears to us to be rather awkwardly introduced.

Reading the Scriptures. Painted by Haydon; engraved (mezzotint) by I. E. Coombs. Ackermann and Co.

A SOLEMN and graceful subject, in which a clerical-looking person is seated at table reading the Bible to his attentive wife. The heads are prettily painted, and come well out in relief. The centre of the picture is, however, too black, where there is a lamp and a blazing fire, and

the latter is not well kept in the distance. The subject is indeed better than the execution; and a little fault in the art is not sufficient to impair its claim to general favour, as a sweet lesson of moral and religious duty.

Mr. John Reeve. Painted by T. Wageman; engraved by H. Cook. Sams.

If only one in a thousand of those whose sides have ached with laughing at the rich and exuberant humour of this admirable comedian were to purchase a copy of the print under our notice, the publisher would make a good spec of it.

Illustrative Map of Human Life, &c. Nisbet. We know not what to say of this pilgrim's-progress-looking allegorical chart, in which there are seas of worldly pleasure, wildernesses of Satan, burning mountains of atheism, rivers of the love of God, castles of sundry kinds, trees, palaces, gardens, forests, sands, plains, &c. &c. &c. all named in a similar manner. We can hardly think that such fancies could impress any good on the mind, being, as we conceive, rather ludicrous than instructive.

In works of art recently sent to us, though of a kind which do not demand critical remark, we are brought to notice as productions of the times, *Plates I. and II. of the Siege of Antwerp*, on stone by Mr. Haghe, from sketches by C. Haghe,* both of which are extremely clever, and afford excellent ideas of the place and the siege. Another plan by J. W. Shrewsbury, and published by Newton, Son, and Berry, is another great help to the understanding of this memorable contest. A plan of *Oporto and its Environs*, drawn by S. Gage, and lithographed by C. Firth,† is also very interesting at this moment, shewing the lines of Don Pedro, and the positions of Don Miguel's army. Notwithstanding all the newspaper accounts that have been published, it will be news to our readers to say that Oporto itself is in a state of almost complete ruin. A specimen map of a new *Atlas of Europe*, by Col. J. H. Weiss and F. E. Woerl, is also eminently entitled to notice, for its minute accuracy, and the style in which it is executed. It is announced to consist of 220 sheets!‡

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

A JUDICIOUS selection from Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, with a few more modern productions, rendered the third Philharmonic Concert, on Monday night, as satisfactory as the two preceding ones had been. Mozart's symphony in D, commencing with a spirited allegro, and Beethoven's "Pastorale," originally intended for a picture of rural felicity, are well calculated to enliven even the duller audience. They were both, as usual, well performed. Mr. Chelard's descriptive overture, "The Matins of Wallersee," was the principal novelty of the evening. It is, no doubt, the work of an experienced musician, throughout characteristic, and intended to express the principal features of the story of the opera for which it was written. Being highly dramatic, it might have answered that end on the stage, with the assistance of appropriate scenery; but here it was ineffective, notwithstanding the employment and combination of all kinds of instruments. It is, besides, somewhat uncon-

* Published by C. Tilt.

† Published by J. Brown, and G. and J. Cary.

‡ London; published by T. Denoon.

nected, and deficient in original ideas. Mr. W. H. Calcott's "Last Man" is a composition of no ordinary kind; and few singers would have proved this more convincingly than Mr. Phillips did. The flute fantasia spoke much more favourably for Mr. Nicholson as a performer than as a composer. A pompous commencement, with all the force of a grand orchestra, prepares the mind to expect something more elevated than an old air with variations; and one can hardly refrain, under such circumstances, from thinking of the *mons parturiens*. Miss Clara Novello employed her beautiful voice in a very chaste and unaffected style; and by her correct observance of every essential rule of good singing, she amply shewed that she had reaped the full advantage of a classical tuition. In the quartetto, No. 5, of Beethoven, by Messrs. Spagnoletti, Griesbach, Moralt, and Rousselot, the first violin did not quite answer our anticipations, though its tone was, as ever, beautifully sweet. The concert was under the able direction of Weischel and Bishop, and concluded with the unrivalled overture to Prometheus.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

"ALL's well that ends well," says the proverb; and if the Vocal Society be judged by this test, they may fairly congratulate themselves on the prosperity of their first campaign; for the sixth and last concert of the series, on Monday the 18th, boasted an audience crowded to overflowing. The selection was much more interesting than on one or two former occasions; and additional attraction was given to the performance by the return of Mrs. Bishop, and the first appearance here of Miss Stephens. This combination of favourable circumstances put the audience in high good humour; and every thing appears to augur well for the ensuing season, provided the good impression already made on the musical public be not weakened by carrying the rage for novelty too far. We must protest against the introduction of new compositions that never will be old, or old ones that are not merely unknown, but deserve to remain so. The last concert, however, from the sterling nature of the selection, must be exempted from any share in suggesting this remark. Messieurs of the Vocal Society, may all your future musical treats be equally excellent, and equally successful! and with this friendly wish, we, for the present, bid you farewell.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

LAST Saturday was a great night—behind the scenes—at the Opera: in front it was not so amusing. We suppose that all the world knows there is not a more contumacious and queer set of d—ls breathing the dramatic air than those who are employed as chorus-singers—except it may be those who are engaged as ballet-dancers; for we believe the dignitaries of the former order do pertinaciously refuse to associate promiscuously with the *clie* of the latter. Voice is reckoned a power superior to leg; a roulade despises a pirouette; and the ability to sustain a note is beyond all calculation a higher quality than that to sustain yourself upon any one of your limbs during the same extent of time. Apollo is the god of song: only Terpsichore is the muse of dancing. But independently of these factions and competitions, there is usually a strong spirit of insubordination in vocalists. They wish to make a noise—to be heard; and, as it seems upon the present occasion, to be paid

too, more than our worthy friend the manager Laporte thought it right and reasonable to disburse. By half-past seven, when the curtain should have drawn up, a plot was matured, and a conspiracy at its height. Of about forty chorus-singers, male and female, not one would budge from their strange recesses until a certain additional sum for extra labours was paid in good and lawful money of Great Britain. The unsuspicious Laporte was all this while, certainly, if a pun would pay, in a fair way of complying with their demands,—for he was superintending *The Coiners* at Covent Garden; but as he could not be aware of the *status quo* at the King's Theatre, he does not appear to have come to that house, about eight o'clock, better provided than with a prodigious readiness to fall into a towering rage the moment he discovered how matters stood still. It was of no use playing the overture over again—it was of no use remembering that the Bishop of London expected *Faust* to be d-d by midnight precisely—it was of no use cursing and swearing—nothing was of no use, but bringing in the police; and *à la porte* being the order of the night, the refractory chorus-singing rebels were marshalled the way that they must go. This expulsion being achieved, the opera was performed without a chorus, two loyal individuals silently representing the whole body at the periods when choral music was wont to be sung. We remember when the waves of Covent Garden rose against Captain Forbes for sixpences; but that was nothing to this. Waves may be quieted and subside; choruses agitated by storms are quite different and unmanageable. Laporte may try the German Sea;—we'll see; but in the meantime this has been a dreadful explosion. The worthy Germans, indeed, we understand, are under better control than their Anglo-Gallic comrades. They are in the command of their leader, and barracked together in the most extraordinary fashion for human beings,—lodged, clothed, fed, walked out, walked in, &c. &c. but never trusted with a groshen, where-with to dissipate and turn rebellious. Decent, orderly souls—though not kept over cleanly, they will produce, we trust, a reformation,—and in this hope we take leave of a theatrical crisis of unparalleled importance.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday, a farce, translated from the French, and called *The Chimney-piece*, was produced at this theatre; in which Farren having a good character, it is almost unnecessary to add, with complete success. Being well played up to by Brindal, who is the prince of coxcombs, Balls, Ayliffe, Miss Kenneth, and Mrs. Humby, the audience were abundantly satisfied with the laughter enforced upon them; and the piece is continued on alternate nights with the French dancers; much to the amusement of those who love merriment and clever acting, as well as show and the exposure of persons.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday was witnessed another instance of those melancholy spectacles which it might have been hoped the public would never have been exposed to see above once;—the effort of the elder Kean, in the midst of debility and suffering, to exhibit a tragic character which requires the utmost physical vigour and mental energy; and his breaking down in the midst of the painful task. Having broken

his engagement at Drury Lane, on account, it is said, of the lessee's refusing to advance a sum of money, Mr. Kean became almost of course an object of desire to the rival theatre—for it is no longer a struggle between the two, which can deserve best of audiences, but which can most effectually injure or ruin the other—and was accordingly announced to perform *Othello* to his son's *Iago*. The house was well filled, though the *dénouement* was anticipated. Kean, upon limbs of infirmity, which never could have carried the valiant Moor either into or out of imminent dangers, delivered the text in a subdued tone, but finely and correctly, till he arrived at those parts when it is absolutely necessary that the actor should be stirring and energetic—and all was lost. It was a melancholy scene, and ought not to have been incurred upon any account or consideration whatever. Mr. Warde finished the matter, after the invalid was conveyed away. The *Iago* had nothing to recommend it to favourable notice; and it was nearly as cruel to the son as to the father to subject his histrionic powers to this too severe test.

The Coiners, or the Soldier's Oath, an opera, with Auber's music, and adapted by Mr. R. Lacy, was brought out here on Saturday; and though without any very striking effect, yet altogether so pleasing, that every lover of melody must be gratified with the performance. The story is common-place, of a soldier bound by an oath not to reveal the guilt of the criminals of which he had become cognisant; and the consequent passionate struggles and hairbreadth escapes of the situation. Wilson, in the soldier, sang most sweetly; and Miss Shirreff, as an innkeeper's daughter, sustained the whole female weight of the opera in a manner which added to her high reputation. The score allotted to Mr. H. Phillips had no parts of prominent interest, but was like the general character of the piece, level and agreeable. We are so accustomed now-a-days to high seasoning and excitement, that we fear *The Coiners* will not have so long an existence as its musical charms deserve: it will, however, for a while, serve as a graceful and tasteful variety, as it has done during this week.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Covent Garden, March 16. *Reputation*.—In a piece by Mr. Planché, who has made correct costume his study, it was curious to see dresses from *Henry the Eighth*, *Catherine of Cleves*, and *All's Well that ends Well*, when the scene was laid in Germany. The persons concerned in this department, should at least have the art to alter the old scenes and dresses, if appropriate ones cannot be afforded, and not thrust scenes from Normandy (used in *Robert le Diable*) into Germany; nor suffer an apartment in the *Landgrave's* palace to be covered all over with F. I.'s, proclamatory of its having formerly pertained to *Francis the First*.

Drury Lane, March 18. *Sleeping Beauty*.—Pray, Miss Baseke, if you are supposed to be in a state of torpor when Mons. Paul kisses you, why do you always laugh, and generally say something witty, such as "a'done, do," during that operation? And why, when the group of sleepers is re-represented, to use the words of the bill, "as arranged in Act First,"—have all the characters, without exception, so completely altered their situations and attitudes? Finally, if the *Beauty* and all her lady's-maids have been fast asleep from the commencement of the spell, how has she dressed herself, or who

has dressed her, in the interim, in a totally different costume?

Drury Lane, March 19.—One of the *Bayadères*, in the *Maid of Cashmere*, had, I presume, a cold (an ailment not very common in that warm land); for she added a cotton shawl about her neck and shoulders, to the rest of her light and airy costume. The effect was mightily incongruous; the least she could have done, under the circumstances, would have been to have worn a *Cashmere* shawl.

Adelphi, March 20.—In the tableau of *Venus rising from the Sea*, Mrs. Honey is presented holding over her head several yards of curtain-fringe, fastened on a curved lathe, which the audience are left to guess is intended for her hair. She stands on canvass, painted green, which is meant for water; and on which are also painted the reflection of her feet and legs. The designer of the above should tell Mrs. H. what he intended by this; and then, perhaps, she would place her feet a little nearer that part of the water in which they are reflected.

Queen's Theatre, March 21.—A whole scene fell forward upon an actress yclept Mrs. Pearce, and knocked her out of a chair in which she was sitting, flat upon the stage. I am happy to add that she was not killed, though she took every possible means to assure the audience that she was "kilt intirely." The same night, an actor was pretending to hang himself on a tree, when down came actor, tree, and all the machinery thereto pertaining, on him; half to the alarm, half to the amusement, of the audience.

King's Theatre, March 23.—The overture to *Le Nozze* being concluded, the audience expected the curtain to rise, but were thrown upon the resource of amusing themselves by hissing, for nearly three quarters of an hour, because (but this is a great secret) neither *Susanna's* nor the *Countess's* dress had come from the dress-maker's.

Covent Garden, March 25. *Othello*.—Kean having finished his celebrated speech, "O now for ever farewell," attempted to go on with the next speech, but could not. A pause ensued; and his head sunk upon the extended arms of his son. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. C. Kean; "Take him out." "Lead him off," answered the audience. Mr. C. K. led him part of the way, when a man, dressed as one of the senators, hurried on to save him from falling, and conducted him out of sight. The scene changed; but on Mr. Kean's failing to appear at his next cue, the act-drop was lowered, and Bartley appeared to beg the house would grant their patience till it could be ascertained whether Mr. Kean could resume his part. After a pause of a quarter of an hour, he again appeared, and informed them that Mr. Kean's resuming his part was out of the question, but that Mr. Warde would conclude it for him; and, lo! anon, the hatred of *Iago*, and the tender solicitude of *Desdemona*, were transferred with the utmost coolness to a totally different object; for no stretch of the imagination would suppose, that the same one had in this brief space grown from short to tall, from infirm to energetic, and adopted a totally different voice, manner, and style of costume. It will be strange if Kean's first appearance with his son should be his last; should his last speech be, "O now for ever farewell," and his last words, "Othello's occupation's gone!"

Covent Garden, March 26.—In *The Coiners*, the scene of which is laid in Spain, there is exhibited, throughout the last act, a view of Dover and Shakespeare's Cliff! It is part, I believe, of the diorama in the late pantomime.

VARIETIES.

Rapid Communication by Railway.—The purchase and supply of cotton, by canal carriage, for mills at a considerable distance from Liverpool, usually occupied a week or more. A proprietor of mills distant forty miles thence, can now go by Manchester railway and purchase cotton at Liverpool on a Monday, which, forwarded by that channel, shall be delivered and actually put in operation at his mills on the Tuesday:—a most important acceleration in the return of capital.

British Museum.—Some returns relative to the British Museum are about to be moved for in the House of Commons by Mr. Hawes, M.P. for Lambeth; which it is intended shall be followed up by another motion for the appointment of a select committee, to take into consideration the general state and management of that establishment.—*Times*, March 28.

Cambridge, March 11.—After a meeting of the Philosophical Society, the Rev. Professor Sedgwick in the chair, Dr. Jernyn exhibited various ornaments of glass and enamel, a bronze bracelet, and other implements of metal, and vessels of earthenware, some of them of the kind called "Samian." These relics were found in association with bones, partly interred, and partly deposited in urns discovered at Exning and at Bartlow, near Cambridge. The skeletons have invariably been found lying in threes, with their faces downwards.

Bombast.—Dr. Johnson, and his learned editor, have omitted one probable derivation of this word, which deserves a place after that which they have given. *Baumbast* is the German name for that rind or inner bark of trees used by the ancient Romans as writing-paper, and by them called *liber*,—a term extended to the books originally written on this material; which, from its *bulk* and *fragility*, would, after the invention of paper, fall into contempt. Also! the opprobrium which the term now conveys might be extended to very many libraries of goodly *folios et infra*, of much later date than that of Don Quixote.

Natural History.—A very valuable museum of specimens in natural history, collected by the late Rev. Mr. Guilding, with unwearied zeal and great cost, is shortly expected to arrive from the West Indies. It is very extensive, and well worthy of the attention of those devoted to these objects.

Miniatures.—The monks who practised this style of art in illuminating missals and other manuscripts were called *illuminatores*, and also *miniatores*,—from the quantity of *minium* used by them, red being a predominant colour in their compositions. Hence, according to some, the origin of the term *miniature*; but, perhaps, ninety-nine persons in a hundred would be content with the more obvious derivation and meaning assigned to it by Shakespeare—a *miniature picture*; a "portrait in little."

The Town.—Another portion of a capital map of England has been presented with our last number of *The Town* newspaper. Topography and geography are certainly proper accompaniments to news and politics; but we wonder how our contemporaries find such expenses answer in these cheap times. However, we are obliged to *The Town* for giving us the country.

Sad Pun.—Who shall doubt the sensibility of actresses after Miss Kelly's testimony to the heartfelt emotion of Mrs. Siddons in the *Lady Constance*? It accords with the very just but humorous conclusion of one, who being somewhat sceptical on that point, was assured by a

friend that Miss O'Neill had really wept in *Belvidera* or *Isabella*:—"Weeping is the cry-tear-eye-on of grief."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A popular and non-professional Narrative of the Events of the Siege of Antwerp, by a young Officer, understood to be a son of Lord Wharcliffe.

Santa Maura, by Mr. Nugent Taylor.

Vol. II. (the continuation) of the Life of the late Dr. Adam Clarke.

Part I. of an Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and other detached parts of the Holy Scripture, by the late Rev. R. Watson, author of "a Biblical and Theological Dictionary," &c. &c. Also a uniform edition of his Works, 8vo., including Memoirs of the Author's Life and Writings, by the Rev. T. Jackson.

The Life of the late William Roscoe, by his son, Henry Roscoe.

The Field-Book, or Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom; alphabetically arranged, and illustrated with embellishments, by the author of "Wild Sports of the West."

History of the Middle and Working Classes; with an exposition of the causes which have influenced their past and present condition.

Sunday in London; with illustrations by G. Cruikshank, and a few words by a friend of his.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot do better for our *Stemial* Correspondent than insert his original letter.

"SIR,—I have delivered a Lecture, on last Monday Evening, At Glyndwr Tavern, on the Cause of Universal Attraction, Probable that the Theory would not be unin-

teresting to the readers of your excellent Publication My idea is that the universe is fill'd with an Elastic Fluid, Which I have term'd *stemial*, as it possesses a similar quality to steam, except that it is some Millions of Millions of times, more Elastic and subtle, and pervading through all bodies, Atoms of Matter condenseth this *stemial*, in the same manner as drops of cold water, would condense steam, so that there would be a continual stream of *stemial*, towards every atom. And the force of the stream would be as the square of the distance from the atoms, Consequently every atom would be in the stream of each other, Thus every atom would be attracting one another, as the square of the distance they would be from each other, Further, if any atom was put in motion, it would condense the *stemial* as it meets it, and leave the *stemial* that it recedes from in an uncondensed state, In proportion as the velocity the atom would be in, so that the pressure would be greater behind, than before atom, Consequently atom would be forced forward for ever, unless it would meet some resistance.—Your Humble servant,

DAVID THOMAS.

To the Editor, &c.

27th March, 1833.
SIR,—I have read with the greatest pleasure the very interesting and intelligent letter from an American gentleman, in your paper of the 23d instant, giving an account of Abbotsford, and Sir Walter Scott; and I bear willing testimony to its general accuracy and fidelity. Indeed, the account of Scott's manners and conversation in private society is the truest and most touching I have ever met with. But there are a few mistakes in the letter, which I hasten to correct. The inscription around the hall, which is given in inverted commas, as if it had been copied, is quite incorrect. The following is the real inscription. I do not vouch for its being *literally* accurate, but I am quite sure it is *verbally* so:—

"These be the coats armours of the clanners and men of might quha kept the Scottish marches in bags of auld: they were worthy men in their tyme, and in their defence God thaim defendit."

How much superior this is to the inscription in the letter, and what a fine air of "hoar antiquity" is impressed on every word! The author says that the famous stag-hound, *Maidie*, was given to Sir Walter by Dandie Dimont. No, he was a present from Colonel M'Donnell, of Glenargy, who distinguished himself at the battle of Maida. The "two others of minor breed," mentioned by the writer in the next column, were terriers of the real "mustard and pepper" race, named "Spice" and "Ginger," and great favourites with Sir Walter. An admirable portrait was made of one of them by that prince of animal painters Edwin Landseer, while he was on a visit at Abbotsford.

The American says that Rob Roy's gun is a "light short one." Now it is remarkable for its length.

I observed one or two other mistakes, but they are almost too trivial to deserve correction.

Believe me, sir, yours very faithfully,
G. HUNTLY GORDON.

We cannot answer "Jockey's" inquiry, not having seen any Sporting Magazine or other publication this year; so that what may be "on the course," and what may have "bolted," we cannot tell.

We could point out such imperfections, of polish, in J. D.'s sweet compositions as would excuse us for their non-insertion.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 7	From 30. to 45.	30.69 to 30.19
Friday ... 8	... 36. ... 38.	30.20 Stationary
Saturday ... 9	... 26. ... 30.	30.17 ... 30.06
Sunday ... 10	... 30. ... 30.	30.01 ... 29.87
Monday ... 11	... 28. ... 43.	29.91 ... 29.95
Tuesday ... 12	... 26. ... 41.	29.94 ... 29.97
Wednesday ... 13	... 23. ... 39.	29.78 ... 29.48

Prevailing wind, N.E.
Except the 13th, cloudy; snow in small quantities fell frequently.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 14	From 18. to 39.	29.54 to 29.68
Friday ... 15	... 26. ... 40.	29.60 ... 29.52
Saturday ... 16	... 27. ... 49.	29.46 ... 29.50
Sunday ... 17	... 29. ... 43.	29.44 ... 29.46
Monday ... 18	... 31. ... 42.	29.56 ... 29.73
Tuesday ... 19	... 31. ... 42.	29.81 ... 29.93
Wednesday ... 20	... 26. ... 43.	30.06 ... 30.00

Prevailing wind, N.E.
Except the 14th, generally cloudy; with frequent rain on the 17th, 18th, and 19th.
Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 21	From 28. to 42.	29.67 to 29.85
Friday ... 22	... 28. ... 39.	29.89 ... 29.80
Saturday ... 23	... 24. ... 38.	29.74 ... 29.90
Sunday ... 24	... 27. ... 40.	29.78 ... 29.72
Monday ... 25	... 29. ... 43.	29.79 ... 29.74
Tuesday ... 26	... 27. ... 40.	29.76 ... 29.84
Wednesday ... 27	... 29. ... 42.	29.66 ... 29.96

Prevailing wind, N.E.
Generally cloudy; frequent rain, sleet, hail, and snow during the week, the latter, on the night of the 25th, covering the ground to a considerable depth.
Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

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